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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

SHERIDAN KNOWLES *versus* SAINT PETER.

The Rock of Rome; or, the Arch Heresy. By J. S. Knowles. Newby.

THE author of the *Hunchback* has, from dramatist, turned theologian, and boldly buckled on his polemic armour to do battle against Saint Peter, still proudly posted and entrenched upon the Rock of Rome, although the regular successors to that station have of late been driven off by revolutionary violence. Who could have expected such an onslaught from such a quarter? An attack upon Paul (Bedford) might have ranged within the sphere of probabilities, but Peter, even with his pence, seemed to be altogether out of our old friend's way, to be pommelled after this fashion. Well, genius has its eccentricities, and this is "of them." Let us suppose that Massinger, or Ford, or Beaumont, or Fletcher, or Shirley had written a work of the kind, what a curiosity it would have been in our day. And so it is now, and will be till—it is possible—the author may himself be Sainted (for we believe many worse men have been beatified) and there is a Saint Knowles added to the long catalogue of miracle-working beings and glorifications of the church. Saint Luke was a painter, Knowles is a poet; Saint Peter himself was a fisherman, and Knowles is an ardent follower of Saint Isaac Walton. These be—and there are many other—parallels; and so we do not despair of seeing the writer of *Virgininus, William Tell, and the Love Chase* canonized. Not that we expect it from Pope Pio Nino, now at Gaeta, for our hero has run a tilt at that august personage, and especially at his dike.

"Were we not told," he says, "in Sacred Writ, that the Almighty visits with spiritual blindness, those who resist His word, and depart from it, it would be a matter of astonishment that the Roman church should have openly and unmistakably denounced herself, in giving to her presiding priest the title which he bears,—that of 'Pope,' or 'Father,'—a title which, with respect to His church, Knowles has appropriated exclusively to the first person in the Trinity: 'Neither call any man your father upon the earth, for one is your Father, which is in Heaven.'"

But what, then, are our poor dear children to call us? After they get up a bit, they may certainly use (as they are apt to do) the phrase "governor," or more briefly "guyver," but till they have arrived at that plenary age of sucking their male instead of their female parent, how are they to address the former fond and indulgent relative? We were about to suggest papa or pa, but this was out of the frying-pan into the fire, for Saint Knowles (*in posse*) denounces that iniquity:—

"Supposing," he asks, "Peter to have been what the Roman church asserts, will any man be so mad as to argue that he would have presumed to take such a title—or that any of his brethren would have dared to bestow such a title upon him, in defiance of a prohibition so unqualified, explicit, and direct? The head of the Roman church, sitting where he does in alleged right of succession to Peter, perpetrates an act of heresy which the apostle, himself, would sooner have laid down his life than have committed! Is not, then, the head of the Roman communion antichrist? Does not the whole church over which he presides participate in his sin?"

Padre and Pere are equally repudiated with Pope, and families are left to shift for themselves in this unfavourable dilemma. Even the infantile "Pa'dy;" and "Fa," the language of the African Vy, Mandingo, and Bambarra,* is prohibited; and there seems to

* See last Gazette for an account of the Vy, a new written language, discovered in the interior of Africa.

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be no chance of any further father-ing, with propriety, in this world of ours. And what are the Germans to do with their Fatherland? and how will Knowles answer for making Tell's son say, "Never fear; you'll be sure to hit the apple, *father!*" or designating rulers the fathers of their people? We are really much puzzled with this literal anti-papal dictum, and anti-father doctrine.

But our sincere author is very serious about the matter; yet does not touch upon the most whimsical "notion" connected with it—viz., that all the Roman Catholic Priests are called Fathers, in contradiction to their vows of celibacy and their not being suffered to enter into the married state. There you have Father Ambrose, and Father Patrick, and Father Anthony, and Father Sam, and Father O'Leary, and a host of other Fathers, who, at the utmost, are only Uncles, and have but Nephews to wring their withers. What claim *they* can have to style themselves by the hitherto respectable title given to our progenitors, we cannot undertake to say; but it does look to us like a gross usurpation, which ought to be abolished or cause shown to the contrary! Q.E.D.

Having settled this obnoxious designation, our author proceeds to pitch into the persons who have dared to assume it.

"The pretensions of the Church of Rome rest upon one dogma—the headship of Peter. If that headship is a fact, those pretensions are valid; if it is a fiction, they are void.

"Peter was zealous, but vain; sincere, but a respecter of persons; forward, but deficient in moral courage—except where there existed a necessity of braving danger. He was a man of superior natural capacity. He was affectionate, but ambitious."

We enter not into the writer's arguments that Paul was equal to Peter, and that the latter never was at Rome, his mission being directed to his countrymen, the Hebrews, and not to the Gentiles. If he does not rob Peter to pay Paul, so neither does he rob Paul to pay Peter; but he declares—

"The further I prosecute this subject, the more am I convinced that what 'the church' advances, respecting the transactions and death of Peter, in the city of Rome, amounts to nothing more than a mere romance, but a romance with a pernicious moral. The nature of that moral I infer from its effects—the lusts which it has subserved to excite and pamper; lusts ranging from the least venial, gain and undue authority, to the most revolting that have ever disgraced and corrupted mankind. I appeal, in support of what I assert, to the avowed discipline, and to the notorious history of 'the church.' The dogma of a presiding church was the first heresy. This dogma Ignatius supports. Ignatius was a disciple of some one of the apostles; Ignatius was a martyr; but what of that? Peter was one of the apostles. Peter was a martyr also. Yet Peter erred. 'Erred,' do I say? Sinned is the fitter word! Contagious dissimulation was, in his case, especially, a sin; and not a slight one. If it was possible for an apostle to sin, much more was it possible that a disciple of one of the apostles might sin. A presiding priest was the next stone in the building of 'the church,' and that stone was subsequently laid. There wanted, however, an authority. Paul might have served, and Paul was at hand; but there existed no ground from which might be deduced the specious plea, that he was invested with any jurisdiction over his brethren. No more was Peter, in point of fact. Compared to Paul, he plays but a secondary part in the history of the primitive church, of which history Paul is, beyond all question, the paramount human theme—the glorious unparalleled hero! But might

not Peter be turned to account by searching the evangelists? The evangelists were resorted to. Rome lights upon the eighteenth of Matthew! Thence the hint was taken, that by a carnal interpretation of the sixteenth verse, the heretical dogma of a presiding priest—of a universal bishop—might be successfully promulgated. Further enquiry flushes incipient success! Peter's investment with 'the keys'—with the power to bind and loose—no matter though the rest of the apostles are subsequently endowed with the same identical power; our Lord's exclusive prayer for Peter, that he may be delivered from Satan; the precedence given to his name in the enumeration of the brotherhood; together with the momentous facts of the Saviour's preaching from Peter's ship, and paying the same tribute for himself and Peter; all these things, carnally interpreted also, would conspire to warrant the erection of the arch heresy, and to insure its recognition as a scriptural truth. But Peter must be brought to Rome!—*Must!* True, there exists no scriptural evidence of his having ever been there. The Acts make no mention of such an occurrence, but inferentially, at least, deny its having taken place. The same is the predicament of Rome, with regard to the Epistles. Never mind! Shut the Epistles and the Acts. Rome cannot do without Peter, and to Rome must Peter be brought. Whosoever originates the feat, Papias records its perpetration—records it approvingly—Papias, whom, as it appears, Eusebius characterizes as one of a very weak and undiscerning judgment, who derived many things, strange and unheard of, from mere tradition! Irenæus, one hundred and forty years after Peter's alleged first arrival in Rome, repeats the tale of Papias; and thus may the overpowering concurrent testimony of the numerous 'fathers,' as they are called, be reduced in weight to that of a single man, and he upon the authority of Eusebius, a very insignificant one."

Having begun by writing lightly on this grave dispute, we have deemed it due to Mr. Knowles to quote these few pages to show how he treats his subject; the decision of which (having instanced his ability) we leave to those who fancy themselves entitled to dictate to their fellow creatures. On this score, by the bye, the author holds the doctrine of apostolic succession up to scorn as a fleshly dogma and baseless invention; the supernatural powers bestowed upon them ending with the first twelve apostles. He also assails other Romish tenets, which may be read *in loco*, whilst we conclude with his poetical winding up, which has nothing doctrinal nor controversial to withhold it from the columns of a *Literary Gazette*. Against the Church of Rome he launches his bolts, and exclaims:—

"Ponder the condition of mankind, wheresoever you can trace the footsteps of her sway. The earth is parched and rotten with arid ignorance, through lack of the living waters, which the Deity has amply provided, but which man has withheld or diverted. She languishes, though she knows not for what. Knowledge—worldly knowledge—now approaches her meridian fast! Before the half of the nineteenth century is well complete, human art and science have achieved things which smile at the exploits of a thousand preceding years. Distance is almost annihilated; wind and current are defied; lightning, at the will of man, plays in all the gradations of its power—becomes his messenger, with wing of fire, while the sun enacts his limner and draughtsman; torture is disarmed of her throes; the simplest agents displace the most ample and boastful; man inquires, not what can I do, but what can I not do;—and yet is the ocean of human passions upturned from its profoundest depths, and rolls and foams, destructively on

every side. Nations at war within themselves, or with one another, or looking for war! One overcast heaven, and one troubled earth! The clearing up and the calming—how are they to come, and when?—They that humbly await the answer, and with faith—the only faith—scriptural faith—not the faith of tradition—can alone await it, without trembling. Tradition? Look at Spain! Portugal! Italy! Sicily!—France!—yesterday a despotism; to-day a republic; and to-morrow—what? Look at Austria! Mexico! cast your eyes whithersoever you may, where the sway of tradition is to be traced, and contemplate its fleshly concomitants and results. This, church of Rome, this is *your* work."

This is Sheridanish in style: and he ends with denouncing the Romish religion as an "arch and blasphemous fable," and all reminds us of the time which the present era seems growing more and more to resemble,—

"When hard words, jealousies, and fears,
Set folks together by the ears,
And make them fight like mad or drunk
For dame Religion as for punk;
Whose honesty they all durst swear for,
Tho' not a man of them *knows* wherefore!"

PROBABILITIES! STATISTICS.

Letters on the Theory of Probabilities, as applied to the Moral and Political Sciences. By M. A. Quetelet. Translated by O. G. Downes, Esq. 8vo. Laytons.

THE name of Quetelet has a European reputation, and a work from his pen on the *Theory of Probabilities*, no doubt will attract the attention of those who take an interest in subjects of this nature.

M. Quetelet has succeeded in popularizing the subject. He has written in the form of letters addressed to the sons of the illustrious house of Saxe-Coburg, commencing in the year 1837, when his H.R.H. Prince Albert and his brother were at Bonn.

The author, as he states in his introduction, has in this work more especially examined the course to be pursued in the study of material phenomena—statistics in particular,—a science which is far from being understood, although its utility is generally recognised in proportion as it is cultivated with discernment."

If statistics are ever to afford the benefit which ought to flow from the proper appreciation of the results, it is needful that the basis of the structure should be well laid. The "Theory of Probabilities" has been cultivated by the most distinguished minds, by the most profound thinkers; it has ranked among its promoters Pascal, Fermat, Leibnitz, Huygens, Halley, Buffon, the Bernoullis, D'Alembert, Condorcet, Laplace, Fourier, and it may be said the greater part of the learned men who have the most powerfully influenced the age in which they have lived. It has equally attracted the attention of many statesmen of eminence, who have known how to appreciate the fruitful results which they had a right to expect from it. However, this theory, so valued by the finest geniuses of modern times,—this theory, which ought to be the base of all sciences of observation, is not only untaught in the schools, where so many things (and one might almost say so many useless things) are taught, but it is scarcely known even by the men who have the greatest interest in its use."

How true it is, that "the sciences make so much the more rapid progress as that acquired knowledge becomes more exact, and the means of expressing it more precise. But we are so little advanced in this respect, and above all in the sciences of observation, that we every instant confound certainty with probability, and that which is probable with that which is but possible."

"The computation of probabilities is but the instrument which should regulate the labour of working matters out; but it becomes indispensable in the researches to which we wish to apply ourselves. It ought, in fact, to enable us to distribute with advantage the series of our observations, to estimate the value of the documents that we may use, to distinguish those which exercise the greatest influence, and afterwards

to combine them, so that they shall err the least possible from truth, and to calculate definitely the degree of confidence to be placed in the results obtained. The *Theory of Probabilities* only teaches us in the main to do with more regularity and precision that which even the most judicious have hitherto done in a manner more or less vague. It tends, moreover, in the phenomena with which we shall have to occupy ourselves, to substitute science for that which is conventionally called practice or experience, and which is most frequently but a blind routine."

"In this respect also, prejudice is so deeply rooted, and prepossession is such, that every instant the most strange assertions may be expected from the mouths of otherwise skilful persons. It is now a well-proved fact, although the cause is unknown, that there are generally more boys born than girls. Well, announce this fact in the presence of an accoucheur who is not aware of it, he will no doubt tell you that his experience has shown a contrary result. Then ask how many observations his experience comprehends; he will answer you, without exposing himself to a charge of exaggeration, that he could quote more than a thousand. What do I say? More than two thousand, more than three thousand. Ask again, if he has taken the trouble to register all these observations, and he will immediately appeal to his memory. You will then see that these two or three thousand observations which he advanced, reduce themselves simply to those which most particularly struck him, and which will have contributed to form what he designated his experience."

"The number of male births, in fact, exceeds but slightly the number of female births. The ratio is 106 to 100 nearly, for the whole of Europe."

Speaking of the probability that a certain event will or will not take place,—

"In general, every uncertain event gives rise to two opposite probabilities; namely, that the event will happen, and that the event will not; the sum of these two ought to be equal to unity. Unity becomes thus the symbol of certainty."

"The application of the *Theory of Probabilities* would present but few difficulties, if all the different possible chances could be enumerated, and if all the chances were rigorously the same. But it is not so; and in certain cases much sagacity is required to guard against great errors in these kind of appreciations. Where a die of six faces is well made, it ought to fall with equal facility on each of its faces; the throwing of the ace, for instance, ought to have the same probability as the throwing of any other number. However, the die can be so altered, either with respect to the homogeneity of the mass, or with respect to the shape, as to render the chances of throwing the ace as great or as small as may be wished."

"It can be understood, that a game could be played with such a die, provided an exact account could be kept of the inequality of the chances of each face turning up."

"The difficulty which we here meet with presents itself every instant in the appreciation of the probabilities which relate to the phenomena of nature. The difficulty becomes greater still in case the die (to continue the comparison) not only presents unequal faces, but even the number of faces be unknown."

"Such, in effect, is the condition in which we place nature, when we seek to sound its secrets, and to value the respective probabilities of events which may occur. One often thinks to have foreseen everything, and to have carefully enumerated the circumstances which could present themselves; and afterwards, with astonishment, finds that the event, when it has happened, is not any of those which were expected. It is then said that chance brought it about; but what does this word mean, except it be our ignorance that our die had another face which we had not perceived, and on which we did not suppose it could fall? The word *chance* serves conveniently to veil our ignorance—we employ it to explain effects of whose causes we are ignorant. To one who knew how to foresee all things there would be no chance; and the events which now appear to us

most extraordinary would have their natural and necessary causes, in the same manner as do the events which seem most common with us."

M. Quetelet has happily illustrated many of his positions by means of an urn filled with balls of different colours. In games of chance, the urn may be supposed to contain a definite number of balls of each colour, and then the risk may be calculated with certainty; but when we seek by observation to dive into the secrets of nature, it is far more difficult: "The urn is open before us—we are allowed to draw from it as often as we will—to multiply proofs at leisure; but this urn is inexhaustible, and it is only by induction that we can know what it contains."

"When the event is composed of a great number of simple events the probability decreases very rapidly; it may even be so small as to make it a matter of difficulty to form an idea of its value. I will give an example:—Suppose it to be a question of taking, two hundred times in succession, a white ball from an urn containing an equal number of white and black, and the precaution also taken of replacing each time the ball drawn, in order that the conditions may remain the same. We must here make a product in which the fraction $\frac{1}{2}$, the probability of drawing one white ball, shall enter 200 times as a factor. This product, then, which expresses the probability of the required event, is a fraction, with unity for its numerator, and for its denominator a number expressed by 61 figures; in other words, there would be but one chance out of a number expressed by 61 figures. It would be difficult to form, and more difficult still to enunciate, a just idea of this last number. Suffice it to say, that if from the time of the creation, dating it at 5841 years since, balls had been drawn incessantly from an urn, with such rapidity that 100 millions had been taken every second, the number of drawings would only be represented by *nineteen figures*."

The gamster recklessly hazards his money when he well knows that many chances are against him. "The wise and prudent man avoids games and bets, even when he is sure of seeing all the rules of the strictest equity observed, and particularly if considerable sums are hazarded. This is because by the side of the mathematical question is presented one of a superior order. Should we not be right, in fact, in showing to a friend, who is exposing half his fortune, what may be the consequences of his imprudence? Ought we not to make him feel that the privations which he would have to impose on himself, in case of loss, could in no way be compensated by the advantages he would gain were he to win? It is not sufficient for mathematical principles to be strictly observed—moral ones should be equally regarded. If a man were to present me with a loaded pistol, inviting me to toss up for the purpose of deciding which of us should fire on the other, I should certainly take him for a madman, and would not accept his proposition, although he might pretend that the mathematical probability of being killed was exactly the same for each of us."

We quite agree with our author that "the theory of means serves as a basis to all sciences of observation. It is so simple and so natural that we cannot, perhaps, appreciate the immense step it has assisted the human mind to take." "Archimedes, that genius remarkable in so many respects, seems to have best appreciated in ancient days the importance of means: he made an admirable use of them in his researches on the centre of gravity, of which he was the discoverer. He substituted the consideration of one point for that of a great number; and this ingenious idea, which has since been so fruitful, alone makes him worthy of the gratitude of mankind."

"Aristotle, one of the greatest of ancient observers, also perceived the properties of means: he applied them to the moral sciences. Virtues, according to him, consist in an exact equilibrium; and all our qualities, in their greatest deviations from the mean, produce vices only."

We quote the following interesting introduction to a letter on variable causes. He says—"The habit of observing has not with me blunted the

sentiment of admiration which I have ever felt at the sight of the heavens. The magnificence and the imposing regularity of this spectacle contrast marvellously, in the calm of the night, with the rapid and tumultuous succession of objects with which we have been occupied during the day; one feels, so to speak, transported into another world. The silence of an observatory, the monotonous and regular beat of the pendulum, and the still more regular progress of the stars, add much to this illusion. We then better understand the weakness of man, and the power of the Supreme; we are struck with the inflexible constancy of the laws which regulate the march of worlds, and which preside over the succession of human generations. Each second which I count is cut off from my short existence. I can already foresee the time when another observer will seat himself in the place I occupy, and will, in his turn, fix his attention on the star which I am observing. All around me will have changed, except these brilliant spheres, which, in the midst of so many vicissitudes, will preserve their unalterable march. But what do I say? Even these spheres may, perhaps, have an existence limited in time, as their dimensions are limited in space; and I judge them eternal only by comparing them to the narrow bounds between which my own existence is placed. The stars may pass through space with a prodigious swiftness, without appearing to my eyes to move."

After alluding to the study of the periodical phenomena of the atmosphere, as connected with plants, animals, and men, M. Quetelet observes:—

"The moral and political sciences, for their part, present to our curiosity problems no less interesting. I not only speak of all the fluctuations which the movement of the population undergoes under the influence of the different months of the year—of the alterations observed in the physical condition of man, even at the different instants of the day—but of the manner in which morality and intelligence are affected. Who does not know that the severities of winter, by multiplying wants, cause in society a greater number of crimes against property, while they deaden the passions, which again wake with more ardour and danger at the return of the spring and during the heats of summer? It is then that we see acts of violence break out—that revolt is organised and spread with more rapidity—that our intelligence, too ready to exalt itself, overlaps the last limits of reason. Singular condition of man and societies, that virtues and vices—that disorders of heart and mind—that public commotions are influenced more or less by the distance of the sun from the equator—by the greater or less elevation of that luminary above our horizon!"

M. Quetelet asks, whether statistics be an art or a science? and we think with him that "all sciences of observation, at their commencement, have undergone the same phases; they were arts, for they were confined to grouping, in a more or less successful manner, collections of facts belonging to a particular order of things; and it is by the comparison and the study of these facts that they afterwards become elevated to the rank in which we see them shine in the present day. Why should we be more exacting with statistics? If it still present itself as an art to the eyes of the majority, its future is not doubtful to those who can consider the sciences of observation in a philosophical point of view."

We must now end our extracts from this work, which well deserves the perusal of those whose minds incline to these branches of inquiry, as M. Quetelet has fully succeeded in placing the subject both in intelligible and agreeable points of view; indeed, the volume is full of facts of the utmost importance to all engaged in the pursuits of this life, wherein the Doctrine of Chances is concerned; and we all know that there are few (if any) in which Probability has not its share.

The following compliment to this country deserves our best thanks:—"It has been justly remarked that those are the most civilized countries who (which) pay proportionally the most to the government."

NEW NOVELS.

The Sea Lions; or, the Lost Sealers. By the Author of the "Red Rover," &c. 3 vols. Bentley.

There are three distinct features in this tale. 1. The main design to portray man in a moral field of action in order to show his immediate dependance upon a superior power. 2. The minute description of every sort of situation in which vessels can be placed at sea, and the manoeuvres by which they avoid dangers if not overcome by them. And 3. The usual construction of affairs in love, worldly concerns, and exhibition of character, which form what is called the Plot of a Novel.

The religious portion is wrought out in the persons of the heroine, Mary Pratt; the hero, Captain Gardiner or Garner; and Stimson, a boat-steerer belonging to his sealing vessel, the Sea Lion of Oyster Pond, commanded by him. Mary is a genuine Christian, full of simplicity, faith, and charity; Garner is an unbeliever or Deist—hence she refuses to marry him; and Stimson is a pious seaman, whose precepts and example on many trying occasions at last work the desirable effect upon the Captain's mind. The marine part of the work is rendered more than commonly interesting by the circumstances of there being two vessels of the same build, appearance, and name, sailing together on the same adventure; the owners of both having received from a dying seaman intimations of localities where immense riches might be acquired. To general readers their nautical exploits may not be so intelligible as to naval readers; and we confess for ourselves that we have often been obliged to put up with the results without knowing how they were brought about. The chief incidents occur in the highest attainable latitudes of the antarctic circle, and seem to be shaped on such narratives as Captain Weddell, and Sir James Ross, and perhaps American voyagers, have published; the author retaining all his graphic force to describe a forced wintering of the expedition in this inclement clime. In the last division we have mentioned, there appear, besides the parties already spoken of, Deacon Pratt, the uncle of Mary, and the owner of the Sea Lion, a wealthy gripe but very religious person; Daggett, the sailor, who provokes his cupidity by the hints of buried treasures and unfrequented islands, where seals, &c. may be found in such abundance as to ensure an easy and most lucrative cargo of oil and furs, and who dies after these disclosures. Another Daggett, nephew of the foregoing, who has also, with a number of other relative Daggetts, received (unknown to the Deacon) vague intimations of the same nature, and who consequently sails in the Sea Lion (No. 2), yeelp of the Vineyard, in order to dodge the Deacon's ship and act according to circumstances. Some minor characters are cleverly drawn, and the Widow White, Dr. Sage, Baiting Joe, Watson the spy, &c. &c., though merely sketched, are sketched with talent. Before going to the story, we may notice that the preface, by a curious allusion to Sir John Franklin, shows that the situation of that gallant officer and the expedition under him must have stimulated the imagination of the author to his present work—happy be the omen of his safe return, protected by a watchful and merciful Providence, as Captain Garner was!!

"Any one who has ever seen this imprisoned navigator," says Mr. Cooper, "and who is familiar with the countenances of the men of the same name who are to be found in numbers amongst ourselves, must be struck with a likeness, that lies as much beyond the grasp of that reason of which we are so proud, as the sublimest facts taught by induction, science, or revelation."

It does strike us from their portraits that there is a family resemblance between Sir John Franklin and the famous Benjamin of American celebrity.

The opening of the *Sea Lions* may be quoted as a fair example of the writer's style and power:—

"While there is less of that high polish in America that is obtained by long intercourse with the great world than is to be found in nearly every European country, there is much less positive rusticity also.

There the extremes of society are widely separated, repelling rather than attracting each other; while among ourselves the tendency is to gravitate towards a common centre. Thus it is, that all things in America become subject to a mean law that is productive of a mediocrity which is probably much above the average of that of most nations; possibly of all, England excepted; but which is only a mediocrity after all. In this way excellence in nothing is justly appreciated, nor is it often recognised; and the suffrages of the nation are pretty uniformly bestowed on qualities of a secondary class. Numbers have away, and it is as impossible to resist them in deciding on merit, as it is to deny their power in the ballot-boxes; time alone, with its great curative influence, supplying the remedy that is to restore the public mind to a healthful state, and give equally to the pretender and to him who is worthy of renown his proper place in the pages of history.

"The activity of American life, the rapidity and cheapness of intercourse, and the migratory habits both have induced, leave little of rusticity and local character in any particular sections of the country. Distinctions, that an acute observer may detect, do certainly exist between the eastern and the western man, between the northerner and the southerner, the Yankee and middle states' man; the Bostonian, Manhattanese and Philadelphian; the Tuckahoe and the Cracker; the Buckeye or Wolverine, and the Jersey Blue. Nevertheless, the world cannot probably produce another instance of a people who are derived from so many different races, and who occupy so large an extent of country, who are so homogeneous in appearance, characters, and opinions. There is no question that the institutions have had a material influence in producing this uniformity, while they have unquestionably lowered the standard to which opinion is submitted by referring the decisions to the many, instead of making the appeal to the few, as is elsewhere done. Still, the direction is onward, and though it may take time to carve on the social column of America that graceful and ornamental capital which it forms the just boast of Europe to possess, when the task shall be achieved, the work will stand on a base so broad as to secure its upright attitude for ages.

"Notwithstanding the general character of identity and homogeneity that so strongly marks the picture of American society, exceptions are to be met with, in particular districts, that are not only distinct and incontrovertible, but which are so peculiar as to be worthy of more than a passing remark in our delineations of national customs. Our present purpose leads us into one of these secluded districts, and it may be well to commence the narrative of certain deeply interesting incidents that it is our intention to attempt to portray, by first referring to the place and people where and from whom the principal actors in our legend had their origin."

His account of Long Island, and especially that part of it where the scene is laid, and of its inhabitants, is given in a circumstantial and natural manner, like reality, the best of qualities in a work of fiction; and the actors are produced with similar skill. The cozy Deacon is a striking portrait:—

"There are two great species of deacons; for we suppose they must all be referred to the same genera. One species belong to the priesthood, and become priests and bishops; passing away, as priests and bishops are apt to do, with more or less of the savour of godliness. The other species are purely laymen, and are *sui generis*. They are, *ex officio*, the most pious men in a neighbourhood, as they sometimes are, as it would seem to us, *ex officio*, also the most grasping and mercenary. As we are not in the secrets of the sects to which these lay-deacons belong, we shall not presume to pronounce whether the individual is elevated to the deaconate because he is prosperous, in a worldly sense, or whether the prosperity is a consequence of the deaconate: but, that the two usually go together is quite certain; which being the cause, and which the effect, we leave to wiser heads to determine.

"Deacon Pratt was no exception to the rule. A

tighter fisted sinner did not exist in the county than this pious soul, who certainly not only wore, but wore out the 'form of godliness,' while he was devoted, heart and hand, to the daily increase of worldly gear. No one spoke disparagingly of the deacon, notwithstanding. So completely had he got to be interwoven with the church-meeting, we ought to say—in that vicinity, that speaking disparagingly of him would have appeared like assailing Christianity. It is true that many an unfortunate fellow-citizen in Suffolk had been made to feel how close was the gripe of his hand, when he found himself in its grasp; but there is a way of practising the most ruthless extortion, that serves not only to deceive the world, but which would really seem to mislead the extortioner himself. Phrases take the place of deeds, sentiments those of facts, and grimaces those of benevolent looks, so ingeniously and so impudently, that the wronged often fancy that they are the victims of a severe dispensation of Providence, when the truth would have shown that they were simply robbed.

"We do not mean, however, that Deacon Pratt was a robber. He was merely a hard man in the management of his affairs; never cheating, in a direct sense, but seldom conceding a cent to generous impulses, or to the duties of kind. He was a widower and childless, circumstances that rendered his love of gain still less pardonable; for many a man who is indifferent to money on his own account, will toil and save to lay up hoards for those who are to come after him. The deacon had only a niece to inherit his effects, unless he might choose to step beyond that degree of consanguinity, and bestow a portion of his means on cousins. The church—or, to be more literal, the 'meeting'—had an eye on his resources, however; and it was whispered it had actually succeeded, by means known to itself, in squeezing out of his tight grasp no less a sum than one hundred dollars, as a donation to a certain theological college. It was conjectured by some persons that this was only the beginning of a religious liberality, and that the excellent and godly-minded deacon would bestow most of his property in a similar way when the moment should come that it could be no longer of any use to himself. This opinion was much in favour with divers devout females of the deacon's congregation, who had daughters of their own, and who seldom failed to conclude their observations on this interesting subject with some such remark as, 'Well, in that case, and it seems to me that everything points that way, Mary Pratt will get no more than any other poor man's daughter.'"

The Deacon is throughout painted with the outward semblance of the truly religious man, without having it in his heart; and worldly to the uttermost, yet not a hypocrite. His niece, as we have observed, is the contrast. But into this point we cannot enter; and there is no portion of the sea voyage, the crushing in icebergs, the weathering of gales, nor the winter sufferings when frozen up, that we could detach from the rest, so as to afford a notion of the whole. We must, therefore, be satisfied with another brief illustration or two on indifferent subjects, such as *espionage*:

"In a word, Watson was a spy, sent across by the Vineyard-men, to ascertain all he could of the intentions of the schooner's owner, to worm himself into Gardiner's confidence, and to report, from time to time, the state of things generally, in order that the East-enders might not get the start of his real employers. It is a common boast of Americans that there are no spies in their country. This may be true in the every-day signification of the term, though it is very untrue in all others. This is probably the most spying country in christendom, if the looking into other people's concerns be meant. Extensive and recognised systems of *espionage* exist among merchants; and nearly every man connected with the press has enlisted himself as a sort of spy in the interests of politics—many, in those of other concerns, also. The reader, therefore, is not to run away with impressions formed under general assertions that will scarce bear investigation, and deny the truth of pictures that are drawn with daguerreotype fidelity, be-

cause they do not happen to reflect the cant of the day."

The death of the Deacon and the reading of the will remind us in the one case of Dumbiedykes, and in the other of Wilkie; but we refer to the author's remarks on the occasion:—

"There is usually great haste in this country in getting rid of the dead. In no other part of the world with which we are acquainted are funerals so simple or so touching, placing the judgment and sins which lead to it in a far more conspicuous light than rank, or riches, or personal merits. Scarfs and gloves are given in town, and gloves in the country, though scarfs are rare; but, beyond these, and the pall, and the hearse, and the weeping friends, an American funeral is a very unpretending procession of persons in their best attire; on foot, when the distance is short; in carriages, in wagons, and on horseback, when the grave is far from the dwelling. There is, however, one feature connected with a death in this country that we could gladly see altered. It is the almost indecent haste, which so generally prevails, to get rid of the dead. Doubtless the climate has had an effect in establishing this custom; but the climate by no means exacts the precipitancy that is usually practised.

"As there were so many friends from a distance present, some of them took the control of affairs. Mary shrinking back into herself, with a timidity natural to her sex and years, the moment her care could no longer serve her uncle, the funeral of the deacon took place the day after that of his death. It was the solemn and simple ceremony of the country. The Rev. Mr. Whittle conceived that he ought to preach a sermon on the occasion of the extinguishment of this 'bright and shining light,' and the body was carried to the meeting-house where the whole congregation assembled, it being the Sabbath. We cannot say much for the discourse, which had already served as eulogiums on two or three other deacons, with a simple substitution of names. In few things are the credulous more imposed on than in this article of sermons. A clergyman shall preach the workings of other men's brains for years, and not one of his hearers detect the imposition, purely on account of the confiding credit it is customary to yield to the pulpit. In this respect, preaching is very much like reviewing—the listener, or the reader, being too complaisant to see through the great standing mystifications of either. Yet preaching is a work of high importance to men, and one that doubtless accomplishes great good, more especially when the life of the preacher corresponds with his doctrine; and even reviewing, though infinitely of less moment, might be made a very useful art, in the hands of upright, independent, intelligent, and learned men. But nothing in this world is as it should be, and centuries will probably roll over it ere the 'good time' shall really come!

"The day of the funeral being the Sabbath, nothing that touched on business was referred to. On the following morning, however, 'the friends' assembled early in the parlour, and an excuse for being a little pressing was made, on the ground that so many present had so far to go. The deacon had probably made a remove much more distant than any that awaited his relatives."

As we must not meddle with "the Plot," we shall now dismiss the *Sea Lions* to the success they merit, and only remark that, altogether, the story is clearly and straightforwardly told. It has none of the doubling and harking back with which modern novels for the most part abound. Cooper rarely "drops" any of his characters for the purpose of enhancing, or, as we think, diminishing, the interest of his story by returning to them at critical junctures. He keeps all the team well together, and in sight. He was never a scholar in what Lady Blessington calls the "fragmentary school." In the present tale, his simplicity and ease are strikingly manifest. The reader forgets the story-teller altogether, and hurries to the end of the book, unmindful how much of the facility he has met is to be laid to the art which hides the author's art. There is, however, still one drawback, and it is

one which Mr. Cooper has latterly introduced into all his tales. We mean his political lectures. We wish he would rather think seriously of recording his political opinions in a book set apart for the purpose: for though he is one of the cleverest of living novelists, he is wonderfully heavy at his politics. His books do not need "gag" for tonnage; and we hope he will take in good part our request not to ballast his excellent stories with dissertations on the government of America or of the world any more. All nations now-a-days (or "in our days" as the word originally stood till it was clipped among the cockneys) seem bent on constitution building; surely we may reasonably hope to escape the mania when we listen to a writer of fiction!

Lady Alice; or, the New Una. 3 vols. Colburn.

THIS novel is said to be by "a distinguished clergyman;" but in what way distinguished, comes not within our knowledge. That his book is a very strange one, and must distinguish him from the vast majority of his profession, we may, however, anticipate; and we only rejoice that its composition removes us from the obligation of offering an opinion upon it. It is of the class from which we have ever shrunk with great and grave objection. It is not only religious, but polemical; and we soon find ourselves lost in a maze of Romanism, Protestantism, Episcopalianism, Presbyterianism, Puseyism, and Sectarianism of many a shade. These *isms* operate in a high circle of characters—princes, dukes, peeresses, lords, ladies, cardinals, ambassadors, priests, generals, and other *élite*, as they are called; and there are plenty of arguments, and not a few *con* and *per* versions in the course of affairs, which are transacted in Italy, Switzerland, Devonshire, and the Highlands of Scotland. The incidents are no less extraordinary than the rest of the design, and there is hardly a relation in social life, however anomalous, which is not brought into play. Legal marriages, elopements, innocent and wicked intrigues, seductions, generations of illegitimacy, and various of the oddest promiscuous incidents that ever were described in a novel, are represented, one after the other, with a singular absence of any regard to the probable or possible nature of the circumstances, except that they shall conspire to make out the portraiture of the Modern *Una*. The introduction of the hero and heroine may serve as an example. They—the first, of the noble family of Clifford; and the last, a daughter of the Duke of Lennox—meet in the water of a delicious Neapolitan bay, having accidentally gone to bathe, each alone, and having chosen contiguous recesses in the rocky shore to enjoy their recreation. Both are approaching to nudity; when the lady, in her swim, on discovering the proximity of the gentleman, screams and sinks, and he rushes into the sea and rescues her. He gets her restored to animation, and they have a tender *demi-toilette tête-à-tête*, being both very beautiful, which begins their acquaintance, and pervades their adventures. Other circumstances are equally distant from what is likely to happen, and the whole is literally crowned with the realization of poor Captain Marryat's whim—a triangular duel!

As we have declared against meddling with religious discussions, we shall only remark, that though the grand gist of this production seems to lead to ultra Puseyism, the several characters perform parts, defend and justify acts, and promulgate doctrines of the most startling nature, and often related (to say the least of them) in very unusual language either for clergy or laity. The author, on looking at the whole, appears to be more a devotee to the rites and ceremonies, than to the principles and essence of the Christian faith. His enthusiasm is awakened and his adoration excited by the splendours of the scene, by the architecture, the furniture, the costume, the lights, the music, the perfumes, and other accessories and aids to divine worship, and he glows in repeated paintings of such enjoyments; but for the inculcations of moral duties, and still less for aught that can be allied to the simplicity, beauty, and purity of Christianity, we look for an intimation utterly in vain.

Mortal Forms, not immortal Truths, are becoming the absorbing interest of our age in matters of religion. The good of mankind must suffer from so sad a change; for there is no real good in forms, and great loss in the forgetfulness of golden-rule obligations.

Eighteen Hundred and Twelve; a Historical Romance, from the German. By Mary Norman. 3 vols. Bentley.

CONNECTED with the disastrous invasion of Russia, the author has interwoven the adventures and fate of several gallant soldiers, Polish and German; love affairs, in which also Russian ladies figure; and vicissitudes arriving to Jews and Gentiles of almost every nation. Count Segur has been laid under contribution for the historical portion of the work; but the rest is invented with much animation; and the incidents are described with spirit and verisimilitude. The battles and their consequences, in particular, are painted with much effect; and the terrors and horrors of the war and retreat are striking alike in details and general effects. To give any idea of the whole by quotation is out of the question. Suffice it to say, that the interest never flags, and that many of the circumstances in the individual or personal cases are told with uncommon success, in the midst of the mighty stir which convulses the millions around. On the whole, the romance well deserves popularity; and thousands who have never read Segur's narrative, or other histories of this tremendous campaign, will have additional cause to like it, whilst those who are acquainted with these publications will find much to gratify their love of the natural, as well as the marvellous, in the hair-breadth 'scapes, moving accidents, and lamentable deaths of many of the actors in these deplorable scenes.

Family Failings. 3 vols. Newby.

THE fourth novel within the week is altogether different from any of its companions, and is a very clever and crowded (we mean comprehensive) picture of common or every-day life. The characters, as we have just intimated, are numerous, and consistently supported; and we seem to recognise a female hand, especially in the traits of female feelings and failings. There is not a person in the drama whom we might not acknowledge as an acquaintance in our intercourse with society; the most original part being that of Mr. Spildin, a philosophical and eccentric artist. As for plot, it is of a slight kind, the loss of a will, and consequent loss of fortune to the hero, and its enjoyment by a selfish and coarse-minded elder brother. The other transactions cluster round this; and we have Sir Josiah Walgrave, a sanguine speculator; his lady, a scheming mother; their two daughters, whose destinies are ruled by those trivial threads which so often determine human affairs; Mr. Fred. Keane, the Master Slender of the piece; the Leigh family, consisting of the old squire, wife, and two contrasted sons, Luke the boor and Horace the man of intellect; and a host of other personages, male and female, young and old, of various attributes and qualities, who all dovetail appropriately into the story, and complete the picture, as we have styled it, of the every-day world.

The merit of the whole is its exact truthfulness and absence of exaggeration. We cannot say that we feel much interest about any of the parties, nor in the turn that flirtations, heavy sicknesses, duels, accidents, or artful designs may take. Matters go on in a usual manner, and with mutations which are not unusual; so that all that is shaped or intended does not happen according to the plans in view; and it is but justice to the author's talents to say, that in tracing the natural emotions and reflections which are likely to arise out of disappointed hopes and altered fates, she has shown an acute appreciation of the workings of the human mind, and produced a very entertaining novel.

The Course of Revolution. 3 vols. Saunders and Otley.

THE holiday week has been fruitful of fiction if unprofitable in other classes of publication. Here is novel No. 5, and a stirring one also, of its kind. It follows

the current accounts of the Neapolitan revolution pretty closely, from its outbreak to the execution of Caraccioli; with Count Caraffa as the hero, and Marina Vereelli as the heroine of a love romance; their dangers, sufferings, and escapes are marvellous. Acton the minister is painted in the blackest colours, and Lord Nelson, Lady Hamilton, and the Queen, are not excused in a very fortunate manner; indeed the attempt is only made for the "mislabeled" admiral. The whole narrative consists of crimes committed by royalists, republicans, banditti, and villains of every shade, let loose by the liberty and fraternity of the Parthenopæan republic. The miseries of the country, devoured by foreign and intestine wars, are probably not overcharged, and yet horrible beyond belief.

STATISTICS OF POETRY.

[Our poetical statistics this week comprise 745 pages, and about 14,900 lines, (say 14,900).]

The Christian Life: a Manual of Sacred Verse.

By R. Montgomery, M.A. Hall and Co. pp. 484. In an epitaph upon an Italian Bishop at Verona (we believe) it is said that between Him and his Maker there were "*summa necessitudo, summa similitudo*" (the greatest need for each other and the greatest resemblance); and though we have always thought the Italian panegyric went very close to the profane, we have seen a similar opinion so evinciated in regard to what are called favourite or fashionable preachers, that we could not doubt but that their admirers, or worshippers, entertained sentiments of the same kind towards them. And there is a plentiful crop of these lucky "nice young men," of every religious sect, sprinkled over the land, and each, in his sphere, petted to the utmost of female sympathies, kindness, and pure holy love. Glossy and carefully arranged hair, a pale, or it may be a ruddy complexion, but with the odds in favour of the pale, a brow made the most of for the lofty, a very white tie or cravat, hands to match for whiteness and softness, a delicate cambric handkerchief trimmed with lace, a gentle voice and manner of speaking, a sweet simper and complacency—all the luxuries in this imperfect list being presents, and all the making up studied, and all the manners assumed—such are the outward and visible signs belonging to the genus in question. We say nothing of the inward consolations—the sweetmeats and preserves, the fruits and the flowers, the game in season, and other provisional comforts, the epicurean dinners and more delicious teas, the tender communings and whispered sentimentalities: all conspiring to render the condition of this happy personage an elysium—we may not say a heaven upon earth, as they always profess utterly to despise that, and to be devoted only to a heaven above.

We are far from insinuating that our author belongs to this class, and believe that his good sense must hold such homage in contempt; but we have been annoyed with letters from parties who have been willing to pay it, and have gone beyond that measure to charge us with the neglect of great genius and even personal hostility. Why, the silly writers must either never have known or entirely have forgotten that the *Literary Gazette* was the first most earnest and staunch supporter of the author of the *Omnipresence of the Deity*, and fought the battle of that poem against all comers—met those who censured, with criticism, and those who ridiculed, with exposure. True it is that Mr. Montgomery in his Preface and enumeration of his friends of that period (but who were in fact much later), such as Crabbe, Bowles, Southey, Coleridge, and Sharon Turner, makes no mention of our strenuous services, and we are free to acknowledge that this omission strikes us as being signally ungrateful. And we will add, that our opinion in this respect does not inspire us with a higher idea of any religious professions; for it has been quaintly said that "ingratitude is worse than the sin of witchcraft," and we are inclined to believe that he who is not true to one of the

foremost of earthly obligations may not be most sincere in his heavenward intercourse. On such an occasion we are forced to speak out in order to repel what has been so unjustly and impertinently imputed to us: as for stirring our resentment, there has been absolutely nothing to stir it, and if there had, we would, in an instant, have piteously dismissed it. Mr. Montgomery is a man of genius and a poet; the denial of which by captious and prejudiced critics, and the envious and ill-natured (almost venomous) way in which they assailed not only his works but himself personally, have probably provoked him to struggle more obviously for public notoriety than can be approved by sober and rational judges, and we confess that we have no liking for much clerical advertisement or any other ostentation of charity.

The volume before us, however, is not a reprehensible instance of this, though Jenny Lind managed a similar benevolence to the same Hospital in better taste.* It is dedicated to her Majesty, and stated to be published mainly in behalf of the Hospital for Consumption. It contains a hundred and twenty or a hundred and thirty poems of various merit, the prevalent fault being a profusion of words and periphrastic tenor, much at issue with intense feeling in the subjects, or natural simplicity in their treatment. From the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh; but it is not with the *copia verborum*. In making a selection for this review, we will chiefly refer to the compositions connected with the avowed object of the publication. At page 33 we find the "Dying Girl," inscribed to Philip Rose, Esq., the founder of the Hospital, and also headed "Consumption:"—

"A beauty clothes her hectic cheek,
A radiance fills that sunken eye,
But when her mellow'd accents speak
They make the sadder'd hearer sigh;
For softer sink they in their cadence far
Than Autumn's dying tone, beneath some mournful star."

Not very graceful in expression; but the verse proceeds. She is taken in vain to Madeira, where—

"She sicken'd, day by day,
In shrinking pænes, like a flower,
Yet from her glance there shined a ray
Of almost supernatural power;
With such clear brightness did her eyeballs roll,
That through them Fancy saw the lustre of the soul!"

She is brought home again to die, and we have such rhyming as the following:—

"Not for herself, but for the heart
Of love parental, she could weep;
And often in her dreams will start,
And make some watching gazer weep."

Towards the conclusion it is a little better, but still elaborating and not sympathizing:—

"And now, the dying scenes advance
Nearer and nearer to the goal,
For death-gleams in that deepen'd glance
Betray the egress of the soul;
Solenn she is, but no complaining sigh
Breaks from a burden'd heart, to think her youth must die."

"They wheel her round each garden-walk,
Where oft her isping childhood play'd,
And loved to hear the old nurse talk,
And soothe her when she seem'd afraid,
While danced her ringlets as she prattled on,
More playful than the birds she loved to gaze upon."

"Now, to her chamber back return'd,
Before the casement calm reclined,
Just as the broad horizon burn'd
With the last blush Day left behind,—
Her eye was center'd on the dying Sun,
Fading like feeble youth, before life's course is run."

"Hush'd is the breezeless air, and deep
The awe around each mourner stealing;
Bend o'er her form, but do not weep,—
Death is too grand for outward feeling!"

* It does not follow, of course, that Mr. Montgomery is the advertiser of many of these puffs. The managers of the charities to which he lends his talents and attractions, and the publishers of his sermons or such pamphlets as his statement, with the *ad captandum* title, "The Scottish Church and the English Schismatics," are probably the doers of these jobs for their own interests, and popular applause is too fascinating to suggest the propriety of forbidding them. But it is not wise or right in a clergyman to permit too much of this sort of quacking, as if he sold cheap fish, or famous pills, oils, or ointments.—Ed. L. G.

And, as it would seem from these passages, (the blemishes of which we have marked in italics,) also too grand for genuine pathetic expression in poetry.

"Infancy in Heaven," a lament over a lost child, is too sacred a theme for criticism, and it would have been as well that it should not have been laboured so much in verse; and the "Divine Walk" which follows is in a similar strain, which does not affect the heart as it would mourn so sad and irreparable a calamity. The poem "Departed not Dead" is infinitely worse—soulless and spiritless, and woefully wrought up.

We have mentioned Paraphrase, which, if not wonderfully fine, generally spoils the Scriptures, and we quote the annexed example from "Strive not with the Spirit," which thus over-daub the fall of man:

"For, not one thrill of thought
That plays within the soul,
That is not with rebellion fraught
Now sin hath seized the whole
That flesh and spirit, heart and will include,
With utter hate of God, and dread ingratitude!

"Evil, and nothing more,
Behold! man's nature now;
Blest Angels, did ye not deplore,
When Earth her Cain-like brow
Lifted beneath you, in yon spheres of light,
And showed her branded front, of old so pure and bright?"

"Thus dark the contrast grew
Between us and our God;
And such the hell that met His view
Where once His Image trod,
That oh! it grieved Him with a godlike pang,*
The lyric stars of heaven Creation's birthday sang.

"But, lo! the hour of wrath
At length was full arrived;
Stern vengeance o'er the sinners' path,
With whom the Spirit strived,
Shall burst in ruin, and the godless world
See thunderbolts of death from His fierce anger hurld!

"Billows shall rise and roar,
The clouds a sea contain,
Haroc shall howl from hill and shore,
And Chaos come again."

Surely this is hyperbolic exaggeration, and, far from strengthening, sadly weakens the original text; indeed the lines we have marked appear to us to be almost a profane affront to the Deity. It surprises us that the author of the *Omnipresence* and other works of high merit should have slurred over into such a style; but it is a sure consequence of unceasing outpourings of sentimental piety to deluge us with forced conceits or feeble inanities.

We conclude our extracts with stanzas from the *Bow of Promise*:

"Thou liquid bow of beauty and of grace
That o'er the calming heavens dost curve thy way
Religion cannot mark thy gleaming trace
And muse not, how the mighty God did say

"That when Thy sacramental arch should span
The hills beneath, or paint the heavens above,
He would recall His covenant with man,
And feel the vastness of forgiving love.

"Summer, and seed-time, harvest, winter, spring,
Whate'er the seasons in ripe mercy bear,—
Each unto ransom'd earth shall ever bring
Tokens of peace and God's paternal care.

"And thus, thou art a symbol and a sign
Of what no wisdom in the schools can teach;
A sacred emblem, preaching truths divine
More eloquent of Christ than angel-speech.

"'Tis not alone that Childhood's greeting eyes
When first thine arching loveliness they see,
Gladden beneath it with entranced surprise
And hail the miracle of hues in thee!

"Nor is it that our Priests of earth and heaven
Who at the altar of the Muses stand,
To whom the glorious privilege is given
To summon beauty when they wave their wand—

"The gem-like radiance of thy form admire
And liquid blending of thy rainy hues,
Or, oft to hymn thee, strike the hallow'd lyre
And into words thine opal gleams transmute.

"Still less can Science, with her colder gaze,
Suggest what thy prismatic splendours mean,
When dim and delicate with tearful rays
I watch thee outlined in the storm-veiled scene."

And so the verse proceeds through twice as much more, and may be considered a fair and favourable specimen of the writer.

* "That He had made man...it grieved Him at His heart."—*Gen. vi. 6.*"

Before laying down our pen we may allude to the Charity interested in this volume. We observe that it is receiving great helps from the liberality of benevolent individuals, and that latterly the name of Sir H. Foulis has been added to the list of its benefactors, as having offered to build a chapel for the use of the Hospital at his own cost. A bequest of Mr. W. Sawyer, of York, is valued at about 2500*l.*; and the presidency and eloquence of Mr. Disraeli at the approaching anniversary will no doubt bring a productive item to the funds. Even Mr. Montgomery's book may do something for them, and it is always a gratification to the humane to find a well-meant appeal on behalf of any species of distress answered by the fertile generosity of the British public.

There is another Institution of the same kind and for similar objects, called the City of London Hospital for Diseases of the Chest, which lately held its first anniversary, with the Earl of Carlisle in the chair, and is well supported, and appears to be active and successful in relieving the sufferings of the afflicted, especially in so far as the Dispensary for gratuitous advice and medicine is concerned.

It is the opinion of many eminent medical men that this is the better mode of endeavouring to check the fatal inroads of this class of disease; and that the assembling together of a number of consumptive patients within the walls of one building is unadvisable. For there are the dangers of contagion, and propagation of mortal for remediable affections; the injurious effects of mental depression in consequence of witnessing the inevitable number of deaths; and the general inexpediency (where it is possible to be avoided) of collecting the sick in masses, and most especially in pulmonary complaints, which affect the very air in which they breathe.

Trafford, the Reward of Genius, &c. By J. I. Minechin. Smith, Elder and Co., pp. 165

THE character of Trafford, the hero of the poem, is that of a poetic, idealized, and exalted Keats; and the versification, style, and sentiments pertain to the same school. He publishes, devotes his soul to the success of his compositions, is nipped by the coldness of the world and crushed by the severities of cruel criticism; and dies broken-hearted in spite of loving and being beloved by one of the most excellent of created beings. She cannot redeem him from the worship of the Muse; and her powers to realize bliss are lost in the fatal effulgence of his dream for fame and immortality.

"Could he but live to close
This second work, fruit of his calmer hours,
Dreamed 'neath the beauty of a Grecian sky,
Pure as his happy love, and softened o'er
By the sad influence of his waning life—
Could he but finish that dear task, and then,
Renown achieved, let chill death seize its prey.
Amid these thoughts of pride, the fatal blow
Fell suddenly on Trafford's weary heart:
After such liberal praises came at length
The critic's harsher voice. 'Twas a Review
Of world-wide influence that thus used its strength
To crush the dawning poet: not a word
Of mercy in those clear, cold, sneering lines;
No word of all that deep poetic fire
That struggled thickly in the verse; no thought
Of the aspiring spirit that it killed
Beneath the damning words; each fault was held
For full derision in a mocking glass
Each dream of pride met by a chilling sneer.
And Trafford's eyes devoured each bitter word;
He read it to the end, then read again,
Sucking the poison deep into his soul;
Bound by a fearful spell, like the poor bird
Beneath a serpent's fascinating gaze,
And then he burst into a hollow laugh.
Seeing his Mary by his side, the book
Fell down inertly from his nerveless grasp:
'There is my real fame! The man speaks truth.
What! I to dream I had a poet's brain,
A poet's heart and fire within my breast?
Out on the thought! I write only on my tomb,
That underneath there roteth one whose name
Was writ on water!' So he turned away,
And left her in his bitterness of soul.

Poor Mary! sad thy fate; in life's young bloom,
To watch the spirit struggling with decay
In one thou lov'st. These dread words rent the cloud
That Heaven in kindness had thrown o'er thy sight;
Now all is known; the bitter end to love
So fair in its beginning. Weep, ay weep,
And ease thy throbbing heart; tears bring relief

To th' o'ercharged brain. She never touched the book
That lay unmoted at her feet. To her,
What were the callous words of cold disdain
With which some learned fool writes down the heart
Of a young life? She only thought of him
Fading in youth, and leaving her to mourn
Her own life left."

This extract is enough to show the nature of the verse and the talent of the writer; but we add two brief passages in order to support our few remarks more distinctly. The first view of his lady-love presents Trafford obviously in the school to which we have referred him.

"There he stood, entranced,
Gazing upon the *exquisite* form
That ever burst upon a dreamer's eye.
Absorbed in the deep paths of the verse
She studied, the rich flush upon her cheek
Highlighting the *delicately* loveliness of youth,
The maiden knew not of his presence."

The following is a specimen of the better part:—

"In the midst,
Their tiny sails hanging in idle grace,
Two pleasure-boats lay weltering in the noon.
There is an ecstasy in yielding up
The soul to its own impulses; to fling
Far, far away each weight that drags us down
To the dull earth; and, 'escaping for a while
From each restraint of cold-eyed Reason's rule,
To let the Fancy wing its airy way
Into the dim recesses of the unknown,
Peopling the future with the golden shapes
Of dream-land glories, Trafford idly lay
In the frail bark afloat upon the wave."

The fault of such performances is their generally dwelling too much and too long on the same limited class of ideas, with which the reader gets tired, notwithstanding the occasional exhibition of poetical beauties and considerable skill and true feeling.

A Score of Lyrics. Cambridge: Macmillan, Barclay, and Macmillan. Pickering, pp. 64

A SCORE of lyrics are more agreeable than a score at a public-house; and these nameless productions possess a claim to be rewarded accordingly. Slight and unpretending as they are, they offer some charming morsels (and more) of poetry. Thus in the *Bridal*, the unwilling Bride,—

"They gathered round me in a ring,
And whispered words of cheer;
But I heard them not, so loud my heart
Was throbbing in mine ear."

And the subjoined, which we give entire, to speak our praise for us—

"GWENTAVON GHYLL.

"Ask ye what crazed the maiden's brain?
It needs not that I tell again
That old, old tale of sadness,
Of innocence and guileless youth,
Of blinding passion, crime, and ruth,
Desertion, scorn, and madness.

"Oft on the church's northern side,
By a tiny grave at eventide,
She sat when all was still;
But, shunning speech and sight of men,
By day she sought the narrow glen
They call Gwentavon Ghyll.

"On either side to gaunt grey rock
Cling serpent-rooted birch and oak,
Coiling round every rift;
Between, with roar like sprite distract,
In one foam-sheeted cataract
The stream its chasm hath cleft.

"Far overhead the feathered pine
And stately larch all sunlit shine,
Ware breeze-stirred to and fro;
Above, blue sky and branches green,
And glistening spray and summer sheen;
A black deep pool, below.

"With wildered gaze she tracked each spot,
Like one that seeking, findeth not,
Still seeketh day by day;
That glen was all the world to her,
For, as the story went, 'twas there
The spoiler lured his prey.

"Did fancy, gleaming o'er despair,
Haunt that sole stream as though it were
Type of her life and doom;
How one mad passion-plunge may fling
From light and day, and breezy spring,
To depths of sunless gloom?"

"Marked she a leaf with torrents' fray
New-chafed, how motionless it lay
Upon the pool's still breast,
And deemed that after life's rude shocks
In that calm haven 'neath the rocks
She too might be at rest?"

"They sleep together side by side
The unbaptized, the suicide,
I the churchyard's northern slope.
Leave them to Him who loved the poor,
With hope, which, though not 'certain, sure,'
Is yet, for all that, Hope."

At page 30, we have *drave* for *drove*: we know not what is meant by this growing fancy or affectation.

But these lyrics are sweet and poetical.

Progress. A Satire. By John G. Saxe. Second Edition. New York: Allen. Boston: Jordan and Wiley. 8vo. pp. 32

THIS book has been so long lying about that we fear we may have noticed it before, and we also fear that we may not, as it really deserves a passing word.*

Ex. gr.:—

"Hail, Social Progress! each new moon is rife
With some new theory of social life,
Some matchless scheme ingeniously designed
From half their miseries to free mankind;
On human wrongs triumphant war to wage,
And bring anew the glorious golden age.
'Association' is the magic word
From many a social 'priest and prophet' heard;
'Attractive Labour' is the angel given,
To render earth a sublimary Heaven!
'Attractive Labour' ring the changes round,
And labour grows attractive in the sound;
And many a youthful mind, where haply lurk
Unwelcome fancies at the name of 'work,'
Sees pleasant pastime in its longing view,
Of 'toil made easy' and 'attractive' too,

"And, fancy-rapt, with joyful ardour, turns
Delightful grindstones, and seductive churns!
'Men are not bad'—these social sages preach,
'Men are not what their actions seem to teach;
No moral ill is natural or fixed—
Men only err by being badly mixed.'
To them the world a huge plum-pudding seems,
Made up of richest viands, fruits, and creams,
Which of all choice ingredients partook,
And then was ruined by a blundering cook!

"Inventive France! what wonder-working schemes
Around the world whene'er a Frenchman dreams.
What fine-spun theories—ingenious, new,
Sublime, stupendous, everything but true!
One little favour, O Imperial France,
Still teach the world to cook, to dress, to dance;
Let, if thou wilt, thy boots and barbers roam,
But keep thy morals and thy creeds at home!"

With this single fair example we may well leave so brief a poem; but we must copy out a note which explains a favourite phrase of our friend Sam Slick, and which became a byword from his humorous text.

"Many readers who have heard about 'making speeches for Buncombe,' may not be aware that the phrase originated as follows: A member of Congress from the county of Buncombe, North Carolina, while pronouncing a magniloquent set-speech, was interrupted by a remark from the chair that 'the seats were quite vacant.' 'Never mind—never mind,' replied the orator, 'I'm talking for Buncombe.'"

RELIGION AND SCIENCE.

The Earth's Antiquity in harmony with the Mosaic Record of Creation. By James Gray, M.A. Parker. pp. 214.

A most agreeable contrast to a work recently noticed in our columns, and a welcome light to many yearning for settled opinions on this interesting question. No distortion of facts here; no violence of supposition—volcanoes raging and coal running down their sides, coal mixed with silex, called shale, flying up above the surface, &c.; no compromise either on the side of Scripture or of Science: but a solution (we trust satisfactory to all but the bigoted) upon a basis preserving the integrity of both Records—the Written and the Operated alike.

The origin of the work was the desire to allay an anxiety raised in the author's mind by the startling statements made at meetings of the British Association

* "The poem was written at the instance of the Associated Alumni of Middleburg College, and spoken before that Society, July 22, 1846."

tion respecting the Earth's Vast Antiquity. The Rector of Dribden searched for a work to elucidate, in consistency with the Divine Revelation, the facts of an Archaic Earth; but no such work being found, a personal investigation has happily resulted in the removal of his many doubts and scruples. And the object of the pages before us is to show to others that, "although Geology does indeed in its disclosures relative to an antique World, make large demands upon our belief and call for a considerable modification of currently entertained Biblical interpretations, yet, that the Scriptures of God remain in the midst of these novel revelations conspicuous still as the great standard of truth, manifesting more and more, from every scrutiny, their origin from the One Omnipotent Mind, whose finger, and whose tongue, whatever may be the apparent discrepancy, ever are in unison, speaking one voice, revealing one consensaneous course of action, alike in His *Works* and in His *Word*."

The inquiry is directed solely to the truthfulness of the inferences drawn from geological phenomena respecting the earth's antiquity. The facts of geology are by the author admitted to stand, at the present day, on a basis quite unassailable; and equally certain is he that there never can be in reality any discrepancy, beyond what is merely apparent or accidental, between the Word and Works of God. What, then, does the Rector require to reconcile the apparent contradiction between Religion and Science? Not the Dean's nor any other "New System of Geology," but simply the admissions "that the sacred revelation of natural objects should be read according to the language of appearances," and "that the scriptural records of natural facts be read by the light of advancing discoveries in Nature's works." These Mr. Gray considers the principles of right Biblical interpretation, conjoined with a readjustment, in certain cases, (see p. 98,) of our common interpretation of any particular passages, by tracing out the original to its roots; viewing the application of its terms in parallel passages; and inquiring the sense put upon them by those persons living nearest to the time of their revelation, and their use by those most familiar with them as their own tongue. Thus interpreting, "the first verse of Genesis is not to be understood according to the currently-entertained notion, as merely giving a summary account of the after-recorded work of the six days, but as an independent proposition, enunciating the CREATION, primordial as to time, the reference being retrospective rather than prospective." Thus interpreting, "there is nothing in the very phraseology of the Mosaic history itself to contravene, but everything, on the contrary, to admit, the existence of an ARCHAIC EARTH; and, for aught the Sacred Record opposes, the course of Nature may have flowed on through ancient ages just as it does now in the present age of the world!" And how, Mr. Gray asks, "has this satisfactory result been brought out? Not, let it be observed, by appealing, as might have been done, to the absolute necessities of the case, arising from the clearly-authenticated facts Geology has established, which, by compulsion, might force out an accordant interpretation. Such a course of argument has throughout scrupulously been abstained from, and the conclusions deduced have, exclusively, been derived from the *literalities* alone of the Sacred Record read in their primal force by the light of Scriptural analogy. The evidence this has afforded has, by its own native force alone, elicited these concordant results. But bring now into court, and add to these unaided witnesses the accumulative testimony which the multitude of well-ascertained geological phenomena will supply, and the increased weight of evidence yields then a potency of conviction, that must compel a verdict irrefragable and sure. If the mind hesitating or wavering before in its opinion as to the Earth's Antiquity, might yet, from a review of the literalities of the text, admit that so it *may* be, it will be compelled to admit now, with Nature's weighty testimony added in the scale, that so it *must* be. * * * * * Still it may be said that, although not ostensibly brought forward to force a favourable conclusion, the

preceding interpretation has, nevertheless, really received a bias from a prepossession in favour of a geological coincidence of result. The fact is admitted, and the inclination asserted to be a proper one. It only carries out, indeed, the special principle it has been the object throughout the present investigation to elucidate and maintain—that we are *bound to seek* for harmonies between the revelations of the Almighty, in whatever form, whether in Word or Work, they may emanate from His throne. Surely this is no less reverential to God's high attributes than it is an exercise grateful and satisfactory to ourselves. How truthful! how delightful too! ever to view Nature as a sacred temple, whose portals are always open for Inspiration to enter, and set up there her altars, confident that the oracular voices she shall hear therein will surely be in unison with her own celestial songs. It can be no wrong bias, then, where the hand of the God of Unity is seen, there to seek for unity—there in action and in purpose, unity must be—and if we find it not, we may be assured that our search has been in some respects either imperfect or perverse."

For the moral uses to be derived from the fact of the earth's antiquity, we refer our readers to the work itself, which, admiring its spirit, candour, tenour, and tendency, we cordially recommend.

SUMMARY.

Bibliothèque des Mémoires relatif à l'Histoire de France, &c. Par M. Fs. Barrière. Tome X. Paris: Didot Frères.

OUR Paris Correspondent has recently noticed the partial revival of literature and literary enterprise, and in this volume we have an acceptable instance of the fact. It includes the very interesting series, which illustrates the history of France during the eighteenth century, and which is ably and impartially edited by M. Fs. Barrière. The work altogether does credit to the house of Didot. This concluding portion contains the touching story of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, by Mme. Campan; told in a manner which has justly gained the highest praise, and been received with European popularity. The editor has added a notice and notes which serve to illustrate the text, and make us acquainted with a number of anecdotes and circumstances well worth a place in memory, as throwing light upon points hitherto imperfectly understood.

The Good Boy Henry. From the Dutch, by J. T. Lockhart. Groombridge and Sons.

THE production of a Dutch book-binder has attracted the notice of Mr. Lockhart, and the result is a charming little infantile book, worthy of all acceptance as a boon to the rising generation.

Guy's Geography for Young Children. Cradock and Co.

Is another very nice little volume for the instruction of early youth in the indispensably useful science of geography.

Visitor's Handbook to Windsor, Eton, and Virginia Water. Cradock and Co.

Now when Spring and fine weather tempt those "in populous city close y-pent" to make excursions in which recreation and information are both to be obtained, this little guide-book will direct them to one of the most various and instructive trips that can be made out of the metropolis. The royal residence and the parks are full of objects of artificial and natural interest.

A Scheme for making the English Language the International Language for the World. Brain and Co.

THE author's plan is of the *Fonetic Skule*. He insists on the extent of countries in which the language is now spoken—proposes to reform it, by allowing only one sound to a letter, and cutting off all useless letters, inflections, &c. &c., and thus making it certain and easy, inducing all mankind to adopt it in their intercourse with each other. Sound and sense are to be compressed into agreement. We do not know if the *Fonetic Nuzpaper* (of which we have seen or heard nothing since its 1st No.) has anything to do with, or has done anything for, this.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,—Perhaps it may be thought some confirmation of the etymology of the name of the Egyptian *Ammon*, suggested in the *Literary Gazette*, No. 1679, that the word *Reaf*, (where the first letter is silent) in Irish signifies a *Ram*, and thus we would have the compound name, *Ammon Ra*, significant in both its components through the medium of *Celtic*.

Now, if with *Reaf* or *Refe*, a *Ram*, we combine the word *bé*, a *face*, we have the compound *bé-nefe*, *Ram-faced*; and this seems to me to be the true meaning of the word *Berith*, as found in the Scripture compound *Baal-Berith*, or as the Septuagint write it, *Βαλβεριθ*, the name of an idol mentioned Judges viii. 33. This name is commonly interpreted from Hebrew to signify "Lord of the Covenant;" but when both Bochart and Creuzer prefer interpreting it as "Lord of Berytus," it seems that the received opinion is by no means unquestionable. Now it is very probable that *Berytus* derived its name from this deity, and we find that there was some connexion between Egypt and Berytus, or at least between Egypt and Byblos, which was near to it; so near that Bochart, translating a passage from Sanchoniathon, writes thus—"habitarunt circa Byblum (nempe *Beryti*)."^{*} This connexion or intercourse is referred to by Selden, "De Dis Lyris," in the chapter on *Thammuz*, where he says, "Ab *Egyptiorum* autem more de literis junco inclusis et per mare *Byblum* transmissis," &c., and the supposed identity of the Egyptian *Osiris*, and the Syrian *Thammuz* or *Adonis* is well known. I myself have seen in Ireland a stone which seemed to have a ram's head set upon human shoulders.

In a second letter our correspondent adds:—

This stone was found by the Earl of Granard in the year 1735, and he thought it so important or so strange, that he erected a square pillar near a fountain in his demesne, and placed the stone upon it, and caused to be engraved on the pillar an inscription in Latin, and also some Sapphic verses in the same language written by an Englishman who was afterwards Chancellor of the Exchequer. The inscription, which is still legible, is as follows:—

"Quod faustum felixque sit
Hanc Barbacelle figuram
A semetipso repertam posuit
Fontemque ejus tutela commendavit
Georgius Forbes, comes de Granard.
Anno Domini MDCCLXXXV."

On another side we find,—

"Anno MDCCLXXXV.
Inscriptionem
Et carmina scripsit
Honorabilis Dominus
Henricus Bilson Llege
Seacchari postea Anglie
Cancellarius."

What the word *Barbacelle* means, I never could ascertain. Most probably it is a word invented to puzzle posterity. The Sapphic verses are on another side of the pedestal, and run thus:—

"Quid tuas artes, Poluclete, Fama,
Impares evo, privisque, jactat?
Phidias sive simulacra miro
Ex sculpta labore?"

"En ego formâ propriâ renidens
Excubo fontem vigil ad salubrem,
Nec mei longa violabit ætas
Frontis honores;

"Tu tamen ventri, captivæ, amice,
Consensu largos bibe gratias haustus
Et salutaris rude Barbacelle
Numen adora."

The stone is now much defaced by time, but when I saw it many years ago, it struck me as having been intended to represent, as I said, a ram's head upon human shoulders; and, having brought others to see it, they likewise saw the resemblance suggested.*

ALEPH.

* A rough sketch in the letter, which we regret we cannot copy, confirms this statement.—Ed. L. G.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

[A great press of matter, of various kinds, has obliged us to neglect the proceedings of this Society for the last three weeks, and, fortunately for us, they have not been of great public interest. At times we almost grudge the small space required to enumerate the trifling articles of antiquity, the exhibition of which forms the principal feature of a meeting. We shall give a very brief review of the meetings which immediately preceded the Easter recess.]

March 15th.—The chief feature of this meeting was the commencement of the reading of a valuable historical paper, on the Gowry conspiracy, by Mr. John Bruce, of which, as it is not yet concluded, we reserve a more detailed notice for a future occasion.

March 22nd.—Another portion of Mr. Bruce's paper was read, previous to which three letters were communicated, from Mr. Williams, Mr. Stoddart, and Mr. Jabez Allies, on the designation "cold harbour," a topic which has lately been the subject of considerable discussion. Mr. Williams, on looking at the passages in Layamon where the word *hereberga* or *herberce* occurs, considers, that instead of a station, it was applied to the place where an army rested on its march: he therefore thinks that cold harbour was a *reposing station*.* Mr. Stoddart thinks that so derogatory an adjective as *cold*, in its usual acceptation, would hardly have been applied to hundreds of places unlike each other, and he suggests that it may have been in old English *holde-herbergh*, meaning *fidum hospitium*. Mr. Allies shows many applications of the word *cold*; and cites *cold-well*, *col-ford*, *cold-place*, *cold-wall*, and other places, to prove that the designation is very common in Worcestershire.

March 29th.—Lord Mahon, the president, in the chair.—The whole of this evening was taken up with a rather warm discussion on the report of the auditors, who complained of some irregularities in the manner in which the treasurer's accounts had been made up. There was nothing in this debate that could interest the public; and it only showed that there is some dissatisfaction among the members, who believe that there is still room for considerable reform in the society.

BRITISH ARCHEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

April 11th.—*Council Meeting.*—Mr. G. Milner gave an account of the discovery of 400 to 500 silver coins at Mansfield, which proved to be of Augustus, Nero, Vespasian, Titus, Domitian, Hadrian, Pius, and the family of Severus. Application had been made to the Duke of Portland to allow them to be examined and catalogued, either by the Association, the Numismatic Society, or by the Society of Antiquaries. Mr. Atherley exhibited casts of some rare Saxon coins recently found at Southampton, with a glass vessel, some spoons, &c., and an enormous quantity of animal bones. Mr. Roach Smith exhibited a sketch of a remarkable urn found at North Elmham, Norfolk, which is covered with marks or symbols, some of which appear of a much more recent date than antiquaries have usually assigned to the class of sepulchral vessels to which this belongs. He also exhibited one almost equally curious found at Dunstable, and a Roman ring found at Shefford, Beds, having a glass intaglio with a cross upon an altar. Mr. Goddard Johnson and Mr. Smith exhibited some enamelled heraldic badges found at Norwich and in London, of the time of Richard II. Dr. Wake Smart communicated some inscriptions he had lately found on the walls of Warwick Castle, as well as unpublished notices of the family of Shakspeare, from documents in the possession of the Earl of Warwick. Mr. James Clark of Easton, near Woodbridge, exhibited a bronze plate or seal of the twelfth century, (found at Ipswich,) representing a seated figure playing on the harp, and inscribed, "Ave Maria gratia plena, domini."

* We think there is a little want of philological acumen in this view of the subject. There is no doubt that the word *hereberga*, in its primitive sense, meant a station for an army; but we must probably look here for a later and secondary sense. The term *hereberge*, or *harbour*, seems to have been applied to an inn in the open country, in contradistinction from an inn in a town. We can easily imagine such inns to be established in the remains of ancient stone buildings, and hence the constant connexion of the name with Roman sites.—Ed. L. G.

nus tecum," Mr. Norris, of South Petherton, also sent a seal of the sixteenth century with a similar inscription, and a pewter chalice of the same date, dug up in the churchyard of South Petherton. Mr. Lott and Mr. White reported the discovery of a Norman or early English font during some excavations for foundations of the new entrance to the Mansion House. It was preserved by Mr. Hick from destruction. This relic, it was stated, probably belonged to the church of St. Mary Woolchurch, destroyed by the great fire of London. Other communications were made by Messrs. Chaffers, Pettigrew, and Cuming, as well as from the President at Naples, and among the objects exhibited were drawings of the curious Saxon fibula referred to in our last as catalogued at the Stowe sale as scales! We are happy to hear they have been secured for the rich private museum of the Hon. R. C. Neville.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday—Statistical, 8 p.m.—British Architects, 8 p.m.—Chemical, 8 p.m.—Medical, 8 p.m.—Pathological, 8 p.m.
Tuesday—Linnæan, 8 p.m.—Horticultural, 3 p.m.—Civil Engineers, 8 p.m.
Wednesday—Society of Arts, 8 p.m.—Geological, 8 p.m.—College of Physicians, (Dr. Golding Bird's Fifth Lecture on Materia Medica,) 4 p.m.
Thursday—Royal, 8 p.m.—Antiquaries, 8 p.m.
Friday—Royal Institution, (Mr. Hunt on some new Phenomena of Light and Actinism,) 8 p.m.—College of Physicians, (Dr. Golding Bird's Sixth and Last Lecture on Materia Medica,) 4 p.m.
Saturday—Asiatic, 2 p.m.—Westminster Medical, 8 p.m.

FINE ARTS.

SUFFOLK STREET GALLERY.

REPEATED visits bring out new beauties, more especially amongst the small pictures, of which there is a great number, many of these too, though frequently very close to the ground, have not escaped the Argus eyes of the connoisseurs, for they are sold. Entering the large room, where, in fact, the numbers begin, the most striking picture is No. 96, "The Judgment of Paris," by W. Salter. In composition resembling the celebrated "Rubens" of our Gallery, it seems to challenge a comparison with it in the extreme brilliancy, purity, and luxury of the colouring; it is a splendid effort, and bears the comparison.

Then No. 185, one of the ancient round towers of Ireland, is a remarkable picture, by Anthony, in some respects violent, as in the treatment of the sky, which in the light part is too loaded, and comes too near the eye; the gradation from deep black at the horizon to pure white at the top of the picture is startling, but hardly picturesque; the tower is wonderfully painted, every stone brought out; but the figure, the "woman of noble form and countenance," as described in the catalogue, comes in a most questionable shape; this must be overlooked, however, for the general effect and skill displayed.

Next to this hangs another somewhat exaggerated work, though full of power and practical skill, No. 170, "Sunset," by A. Clint. We have seldom seen so intense a purple upon the land in nature.

Mr. Herring's principal picture, No. 148, is a fine production of the school to which it belongs; the horses and pigeons on the ground are beautifully finished. No. 115, a little bit called "Happiness" too, a litter of pigs at their maternal meal, à la Morland, is capital.

No. 112, "A Quiet Spot," Boddington, shows a fine effect of a gleam of sunlight across a rather gloomy picture. No. 111, "Entrance to a Village," beneath it, is also a very pleasing picture.

No. 104, "Irish Courtship," is a droll subject—a grinning Irisher saying pretty things, with a pipe in his mouth, to a Milesian, with a mouth from ear to ear. The figures are the size of life, and very cleverly painted by Mrs. C. Smith.

No. 110, "The Morning Serenade," is one of Woolmer's happiest.

No. 47, "The Wreck Ashore," Pyne, is extremely fine in aerial effect; and the orange coloured sun going down in a mass of blue vapour is very skillfully executed.

No. 60, is a very successful work of Mr. Hurlstone, with less labouring at the colour than he usually exhibits.

No. 26, "A Scene in Portelet Bay, Jersey," J. Tennant—dead calm after a storm, is a fine landscape—the effect is truly given, and the mass, a dark rock, being in the middle of the picture, shows how it is possible by skill to overcome difficulties. It is sold.

No. 19, "The Widow," R. J. Lewis. The lady in weeds is quite enough without the accessories of a skull and hour glass to tell the tale.

No. 14, "The Skirts of a Common, North Wales," Boddington, is a nice bit.

No. 13, "Swabian Peasants," by J. Zeitter, is clever in its way. Not a very amiable looking group.

No. 12, "Una and the Lion," F. Ifold, a fashionable subject, and so treated. It represents part of a lion and a young lady reclining on a large velvet shawl.

THE FREE EXHIBITION.

We resume our notice of this, and are glad to find it improve upon acquaintance. F. W. Hulme has some good landscapes, of which 6, "On the Trent," shows detail well worked out in the foreground; the reflected lights on the trees are not forgotten, and the scattered bits of sunlight on the road and trunk of a tree, are very naturally lit off: in 7, "A Willow Stream that turns a Mill," the water is charmingly done; and 430, is a picture to be mentioned.

19, is a very pretty "Little Red Riding Hood," by Mrs. Robinson.

20, "From Tam o' Shanter," by W. Kidd, is highly finished, and with good effect; "Landly" and "Tam" are capital figures.

No. 23, "The Old Hostelrie, 1497," by E. H. Corbould, possesses great merit; the foreshortened wagon and horses driving out of the picture are drawn with great skill: less blue sky would have enriched the colour of the figures.

No. 32, A great deal made out of a rugged sand-bank and old straggly tree, by J. Thorpe; and the sky is particularly happy.

No. 34, by the same, shows equal talent.

No. 38, a nice bit in a sketchy manner, by Mrs. Oliver; though the blue sky supporting so much blue green gives a coldness to the picture.

A. W. Williams's landscapes are remarkably worthy of notice: there are, 42, a charming bit of effect called "Noon"; 104, a very pretty bit of nature, and 106, "Cader Idris in Showery Weather," a fine landscape, and very successful in catching the passing effect; all sold, as they well deserve.

No. 43, by J. Elliot, in the historical style, deserves praise. "William Tell Shooting at the Apple;" the drawing is well cared for, perhaps a little too German in manner.

82, is another historical work of small dimensions, lunette-shaped, and very cleverly painted in emulation of the style of Albert Dürer, by F. M. Brown.

No. 45, is a richly-coloured bambino, called "Spring Flowers," by W. Bowness.

48, "Rugged Pastures," by S. R. Percy, would be a very excellent picture if the foliage were not so much like the ferns and heath; the sky is beautiful.

E. Williams, senior, exhibits several superior works. 51, is a charming scrap of nature; and 166, "Moonlight," is uncommonly good in depth of tone and the true effect intended; and 203, "Morning, on the Thames," is very nice.

G. A. Williams is equally successful in 88 and 89, a charming pair. 180, 226, and 227, form a very pretty batch, all sold.

Another Williams (E. C.) must be praised for 149 and 150, which hang together, as capital works. The detail is carefully made out in both; the hay-field with its shower, and the loaded wagon against a bit of dark sky, are skilfully managed.

200, called "A Willow Bank," is a very fine landscape in every respect, very much in the style of the Williams's; it bears the name of Gilbert, who, it is whispered, is a "Mrs. Harris;" it is sold.

No. 101, "A peep at Windsor Castle," and a very pretty peep, by E. J. Cobbett.

126, by T. S. Robins, "Barges running out of Sheerness." The coming rain and squall are admirably expressed. 205, 212, are also nice pictures by the same hand.

No. 132. In this fine work of Mr. E. A. Goodall, "The Burial of Henry VII.," the peculiar effect of light in an interior is beautifully rendered, and the figures are touched with his usual masterly freedom of handling.

No. 157, "Shipping, with hoar-frost effect," is a charming picture full of truth.

Nos. 187, 188, are a good pair of views of "Rome from the Ponte Sisto," by W. Oliver, one looking east, the other west, and serve well to remind the visitor of such a renowned spot; the skies in both are beautifully handled.

193, G. B. Willcocks, is a good picture.

213 deserves a tribute of praise for O. R. Campbell.

The Academy Exhibition is talked of as likely to be unusually interesting. Those pictures which we have seen—some through curiosity, others by accident—exhibit great talent and remarkable success. The rising men of the Academy will probably make a goodly advance; and gossip speaks of *chef d'œuvres* from Mulready, Webster, Roberts, Leslie, Frost, Frith, Egg, O'Neil, Philip, Holland, Lee, Cooper, E. W. Cooke, Landseer, Herbert, Poole, Elmore, Milais, &c. &c., and most of these works have been sold in the studio.

The Diorama, *Regent's Park*, opened its delightful views on Monday, for the season, with a new picture, "The Valley of Rosenlani, in the Bernese Oberland," painted by M. Diosse, pupil of M. Daguerre, and that of the "Church of Santa Croce." The first represents a deep ravine, rather than valley, formed by gigantic rocks bare of any vegetation except a few stunted pines, the summits covered with snow; down this gorge rushes the mountain torrent, and the illusion is admirably heightened by the sound of the rushing water, which is also capably represented by a semi-transparent part of the picture; a few goats are standing on the slippery rocks in the foreground; the scene gives a very imposing effect of loneliness and grandeur, and the appearance of the huge masses of rock is rendered with the greatest skill. The Santa Croce is also a very beautiful exhibition; but the magic effect of its illumination must be seen rather than described.

Art Manufactures.—An annual exhibition of such productions, similar to that in London, is now in progress at Manchester, the seat of so many and such valuable improvements.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

FRANCE.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Wednesday, April 11th, 1849.

MR. JOHN BULL, I know, is not given to blushing; but if he can contrast the sums just voted by the National Assembly for the encouragement of literature, science, and art, with his own miserable grants for the same purpose, and not feel his cheeks tingle, he must be utterly callous and reprobate.

	Francs.
Etablissement des Beaux Arts	447,000
Personnel of the National Museums	148,700
Matériel of ditto	151,700
Works of art and decorations of public edifices; including the purchase of pictures and statues for the Louvre	950,000
Preservation of ancient historical monuments	750,000
Encouragements and subscriptions to the Fine Arts	186,000
Annual indemnities or temporary assistance to artists, dramatic authors, musical composers, and their widows	137,700
Subventions to theatres	1,379,000
Subvention to the pensions allowed by the Theatre de la Nation	200,000
Subvention to the retiring allowances of the Conservatoire de Musique	10,000
Institut National	581,300
Museum of Natural History	486,350
Astronomical Establishments	121,760
Bibliothèque Nationale	283,600
Ditto, extraordinary credit	60,000

	Francs.
Service of Public Libraries	222,300
Literary subscriptions	170,000
Learned Societies	60,000
Voyages Scientific Missions, Public Lectures	112,000
Encouragement and assistance to men of science and literary men	197,400
Unpublished documents on Natural History	150,000
Subvention to Caisses de retraite	500,000
Re-impression or publication of scientific works	1,939

And all that in addition to I know not how many hundred millions of francs for public education, faculties of theology, medicine, law, &c. &c.

The subscriptions for the publication of anti-Socialist newspapers and pamphlets, as "counter-poison" (so they are called) to the teachings of the Proudhons and others, have already amounted to such a vast sum, that the political party by whom and for whom they were raised, have commenced operations on a rather extensive scale. With all the established newspapers and periodicals of the anti-Social way of thinking, arrangements have been made for the purchase of an immense number of copies—in some cases from 50,000 to 100,000, in addition to the ordinary impression; and these are sold for a few centimes, or distributed gratuitously throughout the length and the breadth of the land. Many new journals, weekly and daily, morning and evening, little and big, have also been brought out; and a whole host of others are advertised. All the journals, whether old established, new, or projected, follow their respective political parties—Legitimist, Orleansist, Bonapartist, moderate Republicans, and consequently have nothing in common except their antipathy to Socialism; but on that point it must be confessed their unanimity is truly wonderful. Besides the broadsheets, we are again literally overwhelmed with anti-Socialist publications of every school, all degrees of literary merit, all prices, and all dimensions. In a word, we have a complete deluge of this sort of printed matter. To suppose, however, that one-fiftieth part of it will be waded through is utterly absurd; but *en revanche*, it will be useful to cheesemongers.

The terrible din which Socialists and anti-Socialists are making, by their fierce war on each other, has given a slight check to literary enterprise; at all events, the number of new publications has been very small during the past week; and even among them I do not observe anything of much interest. In the announcements of forthcoming works, is a "History of the Revolution of February," by Lamartine; and it appears that M. P. Chasles is about to publish a history of the political and religious parties of England on the accession of William III.—a work that is said to have cost years of labour and research, and which has the pretension of being more impartial than any on the same subject hitherto published in England.

The artist Degré, who was tried at Bourges the other day, is not, as stated in your journals, the original of "Oscar" in *Jerome Paturot*. Not only is Degré not up to Oscar's intellectual monk, but Oscar was introduced into the world long before Degré was ever heard of; he having figured in *Jerome Paturot à la recherche d'une position sociale*—a work published several years ago. And *apropos* of M. Paturot, I am not aware that his adventures in trying to secure a social position have been translated into English; and yet they give one a striking picture of Parisian society in the early years of Louis Philippe's reign—and are related with all that sharp, yet delicate, satire which has made M. Paturot's republican experiences so extraordinarily popular on your side of the Channel.

Monday is the great and important day big with the fate of Meyerbeer and his grand opera, the *Prophet*. The production of this long, long talked of work will be one of the most remarkable events in the musical world of late years. The anxiety of the musical circles respecting it is intense, and that of the public scarcely less so. Triumphant success is confidently anticipated.

Nothing at the theatres, except it be the production of another grossly indecent vaudeville, which demonstrates, more strongly than ever, the necessity for the re-establishment of the censorship.

ORIGINAL,
AND CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.
SINGULAR COLLECTION OF MSS.

PEOPLE must take care what, and to whom they write in these selling times! Messrs. Puttick and Simpson's Catalogue of a Collection of Autograph Letters, for auction next week, exhibits some startling documents of contemporary and almost living correspondence.

In proof, we select a few. From the 546 lots, of Lord Byron we have A.L.s. (that is, autograph and signed):—

"One and a quarter page 4to. Harrow, May 11, 1805. A very early specimen. Directing his bankers to make a payment, he says, 'I will be very much obliged to you to give the ready to this old girl, mother Barnard,' &c.

"Two and a half pages 4to, to Douglas Kinnaird, Pisa, Aug. 1822. 'All the graduates and candidates for fame since the ark settled have been exposed to the attacks of the genus irritabile, 'critic.' That's a consolation at any rate. Is the Don more obscene than Tom Jones? There is more obscenity in the pious Richardson's pious Pamela than in all I have ever written. . . . I am persuaded that Nero, Caligula, and such worthies as Cesar Borgia, as well as our own Richard the Third and Co., will come out much better characters at the day of judgment, and that bishops, and all other saints, pious and grave, will be the chief losers at that solemnity,' &c.

"And a fragment. 'Pray don't forget me, as I shall never cease thinking of you, my dearest and only friend, S. H. V.' Byron has written under this, 'This was written on the 11th of January, 1812; on the 28th I received ample proof that the girl had forgotten me, and herself too.' B.—Heigho!"

Lot 65 consists of "one hundred and eighty-two original letters and official documents, many of which are entirely or in part autograph, being the dispatches relating to the projected invasion of England by the Pretender, Prince Charles Edward, and the events preceding that enterprise, 1689 to 1744. These dispatches furnish an abundance of curious and interesting information. Eighteen of the documents are signed by Louis XIV."

A number of letters belonging to the family of George, whilst his sons were yet young, and not easily managed, seem to be extremely curious.—*Ex. gr. :—*

"Sussex (Augustus Frederick, Duke of) b. 1773, d. 1842, A.L.s. Three pages 4to, to Gen. Grenville, Göttingen, March 13, 1788. 'Believe me, my dear sir, the reason of my not writing was, not that I forgot you, but on account of the deal of time I am taken up in study. I assure you I am at present very happy where I am, making my only aim study, which tends towards gaining the affection of my good father the King, which is my first and principal end,' &c.

"George III. King of England, b. 1738, d. 1820, A.L.s., one page 4to, December, 1789, to Gen. Grenville. Letters of George III. are very scarce. This letter is so characteristic of the Monarch, that we cannot forbear to quote it entire. 'M. Gen. Grenville, it is much better to prevent evil than to correct it when it has occurred. On this principle I authorize you to acquaint M. Gen. O'Hara, that should my son, Prince Edward, be so ill advised as ever to want to absent himself from Gibraltar, where I have sent him to learn the grounds of the Military profession, the General is to look upon himself as permitted to signify his having my instructions to prevent such intentions being effected. Geo. R.'

"Symes (Lieut.-Col.) author of the 'History of the Embassy to Ava,' b. 1765, d. 1809. Seventeen letters entirely autograph, 1790-92. All these important letters relate to Prince Edward, his extravagance, heavy debts incurred at Gibraltar, his preparing to visit Canada, his falling in with a mistress, and various curious and interesting information. "York (Frederick, Duke of), A.L.s. Three pages 4to, to Lord Grenville, Berlin, Aug. 28, 1791. He has been unable to answer Lord Grenville's two kind letters, the first of which arrived whilst his mind was so agitated by the suspense he was in while he awaited the King's answer as to his marriage. He has received the King's consent. He then alludes to the Princess Frederika, whom he had seen at Berlin ten years since, and has never lost sight of her. The Princess is the best girl that ever existed, &c.

"William IV. A.L. Three pages 4to, to Sir Henry Hallford, April 23, 1811. As to George III. illness. 'The King worried himself when he first got up with hunting for a little gold pencil, which, under the seal of secrecy, I own to you my mother tells me was given to him by the object of the delusion—but pray do not know it'—and more on the same subject."

We conclude with—

"Milton (John), poet, b. 1608, d. 1674. Rosse's Mel Heliconium, or Poetical Honey gathered out of the Weeds of Parnassus, sm. 8vo, 1646. On the reverse of a preliminary leaf there is in the autograph of John Milton the following inscription:—

"On Mel Heliconium written by Mr. Rosse, Chaplain to his Mtie.
Those shapes of old, transfigur'd by ye charms
Of wonted Ould, wak'ned with th' alarms
Of powerful Rosse, gaine nobler formes, and try
The force of a diviner Alchimy.
See the quaint Chymist with ingenious powre
From calcyn'd herbes extracts a glorious flowre;
See bees to fraight their thimby cells produce
Fro' poisonous weedes a sweet and wholesome Juice.
"J. M."

And at the bottom of page 5, are two lines in the same hand. The autograph of Milton is of the highest degree of rarity. The only specimen in the British Museum consists of a few words in a copy of 'Lycidas.' The present is in perfect preservation."

Nelson's and Lady Hamilton's letters are also very curious.

THE DRAMA.

Haymarket.—The brothers Brough have treated the classical story of the *Sphinx* with perfect recklessness, turning that celebrated enigma-asker of antiquity from its very sex into a sort of *Billy Black*, most humorously represented by Mr. Keeley, introducing Mrs. Keeley as *Mercury* and a Chorus in one, where *Mercury* has no business, and making sundry other alterations that jar sadly upon our recollections of Lempriere, but justified, we suppose, by the effect, as the authors have succeeded in producing a most amusing extravaganza, full of jokes, some not particularly new, others rather far-fetched, but many capital, and all mirth-provoking, and garnished with parodies well-selected, and well sung by the Misses Horton and Reynolds, and the rest of the performers. The piece was completely successful.

Princesses.—Our veteran burlesque writers must look to their laurels. At this theatre, as well as at the Haymarket, their dominions have been invaded by young aspirants; here a Mr. Edwards, known of late as a contributor to some of the comic periodicals, has been most successful in his adaptation of the story in the Arabian Nights of *Nourredin and the Fair Persian*. A better subject might, perhaps, have been selected; but it is extremely well treated, and the piece is gracefully and smoothly written, and redundant with jokes and parodies. The company at this theatre is not a strong one for burlesque; but they have been fitted by the author, who has been liberally seconded by the management in the getting up of the piece, upon which no expense seems to have been spared, either in scenery or dresses. One of the effects was so far too good on the first night, as to cause an alarm of fire among the audience, which was with some trouble allayed. Mlle. Nau and Mr. Allen have appeared here with success in *Lucia di Lammermoor*.

Lyceum.—In his treatment of the narrative of the *Seven Champions of Christendom*, which is the subject of Mr. Planche's burlesque at this theatre, that gentleman has not departed from the original story further than to introduce somewhat anomalous esquires to the chivalrous heroes of the romance. The seven adventures are represented *seriatim*, and but little especial prominence given to that of *St. George*, beyond our national champion having the advantage of being represented by Miss Fitzwilliam; more music, and that of a higher class, falls to his share than of his brethren in arms. The piece is written in that lively, graceful, and correct style of versification that distinguishes Mr. Planche's burlesques, and is as full of jokes as usual, with a more than ordinary number of political allusions, some of which were readily caught at by the audience, and loudly applauded. The getting-up is gorgeous in the extreme, while the greatest taste is displayed in the arrangement of every detail of colour and action. Among the beautiful scenery painted by Mr. Beverley, we must notice a lake and stalactite caverns, in which there is introduced a ballet, danced by ladies in cool green dresses that harmonize completely with the scene, and an enchanted garden, where again the dresses introduced, being of rich and glowing colours, are perfectly in character with the landscape. For beauty of effect, going far beyond mere splendour, the

late burlesques at the Lyceum have never been surpassed, and must help to improve the taste of many amongst the audience, who have no notion how and why it is that the eye is so much more gratified than it is with ill-arranged, however gorgeous spectacles.

St. James's.—Robert Houdin has delighted the holiday folks with his "mysterious magic" all the week; and his "corne d'abondance" has given a plenitude of *souvenirs* by which to remember his visit to England. It has, indeed, been a *cornucopia*.

Adelphi.—The *Hop-pickers, Who Lives at No. 9*, with Wright in his funniest vein, (and it is a very clever farce withal,) and the burlesque of the *Enchanted Isle*, have been enough to fill the little Adelphi to overflow during the Easter week. We shall be correct in our anticipations of the "run" of the *Hop-pickers*; for they (i. e. the growers) are already talking of the amount of hop-duty.

Sadler's Wells.—Richard the Third, from Shakspeare's text, was the Easter Monday drama here. It was done with the characteristic excellence so honourable to the management of this theatre, and afforded no mean treat to the crowded audience assembled to witness one of the finest of our great Bard's historical plays. It was followed by an amusing farce, called the *Minister of Finance*, in which Mr. Younge sustains the principal character with great humour.

Marylebone.—The Easter entertainments provided here consisted of a new play called *Heart's Trials*, from the pen of Mr. Hughes, of the Adelphi Theatre, and a burlesque, written by Mr. Albert Smith, on the history of Guy Fawkes. The former, although well acted in the principal parts by Mrs. Mowatt and Mr. Davenport, is not likely, we think, to prove permanently attractive. In the burlesque the story of the old melodrama on the same subject is pretty closely adhered to, and the piece abounds with jokes and parodies that cleverly turn this portion of true history into broad fun. The scenery and dresses are good, and the acting creditable. Miss Saunders, who played the part of the hero with much eccentric humour, with Mrs. Oliver and Mr. Cooke, in their respective characters, seem to have right notions of burlesque acting.

MUSIC.

Her Majesty's Theatre.—Mlle. Parodi, who made her first appearance in this country on Tuesday last, at the Opera House, in Bellini's *Norma*, has not disappointed the high expectations which were the precursors of her arrival. Her success was unmistakable; and she had to stand the comparison with her accomplished mistress Pasta, and also the accomplished Grisi. To say that she is neither so great as the one nor the other is no blame; but to say that she underwent so severe a test, and came through the ordeal with great honour, is very high praise; and Mlle. Parodi deserves the unanimous award in her favour, elicited from a crowded audience at Her Majesty's Theatre. Rarely have prelude anticipations, so often fallacious, been so thoroughly realized as on this occasion. There was no mistake. Her fine commanding person, standing out in bold relief, as a centre to the picture made up of her surrounding Druidesses, at once established her in the proud position she had assumed, and it was apparent that the character was illustrated under great personal advantages. The *Casta Diva*, delivered in excellent vocal declamation, did all that was necessary to prove the care and judgment that had been bestowed upon the study of the music, and Mlle. Parodi was immediately allowed to take a place in the foremost rank upon our lyrical stage. Her voice is more of a "telling" than high character; but it is perfectly under control, and all its finest points are brought out with great effect; her execution is excellent, and there is a boldness in the *fiorette* that evidences an intimate knowledge of the best school of vocal mechanism. In every respect Mlle. Parodi is a great acquisition to our operatic force, and with the absence of an amount of nervousness, inseparable, we believe, from a *début* in this country, she will soon occupy one of

the most prominent positions in the highest branch of the lyrical drama. Lablache also made his bow for the season as *Orosco*, and sustained his reputation as *Foutrance*. Madame Giuliani was delicious as *Adalgisa*, and the whole performance a very intellectual and delightful treat.

The first Jenny Lind concert came off on Thursday, with the *Flauto Magico*. The stage was arranged with seats, as it usually is for concerts: the orchestra remained in their place. Mlle. Lind was led on by Lablache, and received with great delight, but scarcely with that enthusiasm we have been used to see on the first reception of the season; we could not but think there was a feeling of disappointment at her not singing in opera again; and, for our own part, we regret much that one so eminently gifted as an actress should leave the lyric stage, upon which her great renown has been achieved, and for which her genius is so admirably adapted. The *Zauberflöte* has not been done for many years on the Italian stage here, we presume because of its unquestionable heaviness; although so full of beauties, it is not popular even with the tasteful audience of the Opera House; to fetter it, then, with all the sad realities of a state concert, is to make it heavier and drier still. The first act went off very laboriously, somewhat relieved by Lind's aria, "Non paventar," the cabaletta of which was encored; and the duetto, "La dove prende amor," the original of "The manly heart," so well known, was also nicely sung by Jenny Lind and Coletti. The second act was a more successful performance; the introductory music was finely played, magnificent as it is; the following aria by Coletti, "Qui sdego," was sung in the most finished and expressive manner; it was much applauded and repeated; then came the gem of the evening, touched with Jenny's magic art, the "Ah lo so;" this she sang with all her wonted beauty; the *sotto voce* cadenza was perfectly charming, with all that wonderful dreamy character for which her voice is so remarkable; it was enthusiastically encored. The Misses Williams were very efficient. Mme. Giuliani did not appear, on account of the death of her father; Gardoni was also absent, and F. Lablache, Bartolini, the newest tenor, is a very young singer, with a good small voice. He sang his aria, "Quel suono omine," very creditably. The next concert will be from the *Fidelio* and *Obéron*.

Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden.—Tuesday's performance of *Linda di Chamouni* here, gave us two of the great events of the season, which have been looked forward to with much interest—the *début* of our young and accomplished countrywoman, Miss Catherine Hayes, and of Mlle. Merie, from the Italian Opera at Paris. The fact of an English vocalist taking a place amongst the Italians, on their stage, and, of course, singing in a foreign language, is rare; and in doing it there is much to contend against—so much, that few have dared to do it without assuming an Italian name,—as occurs to us in the case of Miss Edwards, *alias* Favanti; Mr. Boisragon, *alias* Borroni. This has been thought advisable, in order to avoid the effect of the odd, and now, we trust, obsolete notion, that nothing in art could be good but what was foreign. There has always, too, been a great prejudice amongst the Italians, at any rate when in this country, against our singers, lest there might be any trenching upon their domain—so rich and fattening a migratory pasture. We cannot allow ourselves to be blinded by any prejudices: having formed an ideal of excellence founded upon, and borne out by, some rare examples, it is impossible to help bringing everything to that standard, and it unquestionably remains with the Italians. Their painting, their literature, their exquisite taste, that formed the glory of the Medici period, may be gone, but the vocal art, in its fullest sense, is still in them *par excellence*. It is, however, delightful to find that our own singers are not so conceited as to overlook this; for all our best singers of the present day have perfected their studies in Italy, of whom we remember Kemble, Shaw, Edwards, Bassano, Messent, Dolby, Thillon, who was, as Miss Hunt, a pupil in our Academy; Lucombe, Whitworth, Reeves, and, though last, not least,

our new *débutante*, Miss Hayes. People are apt to imagine artists go to Italy, as the long-reputed "land of song," to imbibe singing as they breathe the air, to become inspired with the echoes that haunt the Scala or San Carlos. The truth is, that by going there, they become thoroughly acquainted with a language almost necessary for singing, besides having the opportunity of gaining extensive and practical skill upon the various opera stages of the country, in a manner not to be found at home. It must not be supposed, however, that anything so grand and perfect as the present Italian Opera in London is to be heard in Italy. There are grand theatres, but not grand operas. So much the greater, then, were interest and anxiety felt for Miss Hayes. She was received, of course, with the very warmest welcome of applause, the excitement of which could hardly do otherwise than render her singing, to a certain degree, weak and husky. She, however, maintained her confidence, and soon improved materially in quality of tone and certainty of execution. In the charming duet, "A consolarmi," with Carlo (Salvi), she sang with great taste, and the piece was encored. In the great scene with the father (*Antonio*) and *Pierotto*, she sang exceedingly well, and was much applauded. She was also called before the curtain at the end of each act to receive the hearty plaudits of the house. In person Miss Hayes is rather tall, with good features and beautiful hair. Her voice is more like a soprano than a mezzo, for the low tones are weak. In the upper notes there is a thin quality, and a character as if the voice had been very much worked, probably owing to the fatigue and excitement of her first appearance. She has a way of singing in what is called "sallentando" and "stringendo" in many passages, which is bad, though easily corrected. Her acting of the part of *Linda* was correct and expressive. Mlle. Merie, the new contralto, who made some sensation in Paris, quite realized our expectations: she is a very clever and elegant singer; her voice is in perfect tune, and possesses the rare "sympatico" quality, so charming to the ear. She sang the "cari luoghi" with nice feeling; there is, however, so little of execution in the part of *Pierotto*, that we cannot speak of this point. She was also very well received. Tamburini was, as usual, the finished artist; and Tagliacoe quite came out in the comic line in the part of the old Marquis. The choruses were perfect and beautiful, and improved by the addition of the organ in the opening one. The band was good as ever, though we object to the concertina playing the pretty air and accompaniment to *Pierotto's* song; it should be taken by a reed instrument of some kind.

Mr. Laven's Concert, on the monster scale, came off on Thursday the 5th instant, at Exeter Hall. The selections were from the music of *The Tempest* and *Acis and Galatea*, in which we had the pleasure of again hearing Miss P. Horton, to our notions one of the most charming singers of this class of music, in the old favourites, "Where the Bee sucks," "Full fathom five," which she sang delightfully; Miss Poole sang the "Fac ut Portem" from the *Stabat*, in English, very creditably; as did Miss Lucombe, in the selection from *Acis and Galatea*. Mr. Whitworth, Mr. Weiss, Mr. S. Reeves, Mr. Binge, and Mr. Williams were the gentlemen singers. Sainton played a solo upon subjects from *Lucrezia Borgia*, with exquisite finish, taste, and feeling. Mr. Cioffi followed him in a solo on the trombone, upon the air "Dolce contento," a sad contrast to the preceding performance; such attempts verge upon the ridiculous, and only make one regret that a player of such excellence should be induced to fall into the well-known error of trying to do what was never intended for the instrument. The orchestra was unusually liberal in the number of the best players engaged, and afforded great satisfaction in the overtures. The audience was numerous, and highly good tempered, though occasionally ruffled by the liberties taken with the programme. What was meant by being "under the superintendence of Mr. Stammers," we don't know; there appeared to be considerable freedom allowed to the performers, who seemed to arrive and perform *ad libitum*, which is not quite a desirable state of

things, seeing that both pieces and performers may be confused thereby.

Mrs. Stephen Chambers' Concerts.—A very excellent little series of three concerts has been given at the Marylebone Institution by this lady, who has distinguished herself as a pianoforte player, and who also possesses the rare and interesting gift of "improvising," of which we had an example in the last concert, on the 5th. The entertainments being upon the plan of the Wednesday concerts, consisted of the pleasing style of vocal music, varied with excellent performances on the concertina, violin, harp, Welsh harp, and pianoforte; the artists were selected from the most popular of our school, and the undertaking has, we hope, proved as successful as it has been gratifying.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE SUNSET HOUR.

Who hath not felt the power
Of the beautiful sunset hour?
When the radiant light, ere dying,
Casts a golden chain of beams
On the smiling lakes and streams,
And the evening airs are sighing,
And the rustling leaves reply,
In tones soft, wild, and mystical as music heard in dreams.

That song of breeze and boughs
Is sweet as whisper'd vows
Of tenderness and truth,
To the charm'd ear of youth!
As the eye delighted gazes,
That golden chain of beams,
Like Hope's heav'nly ladder, raises
The soaring soul afar, aloft, upon its dazzling gleams.

And like Hope's, too soon they fade,
Yet not in gloomy shade!
No, no! they but surrender
Their bright illuming splendour
To a glow of rosy red,
A blush as warm and tender
On the wave, as that on cheek from the heart by love and
rapture shed.

'Tis sweet alone to ponder
On such an eve as this;
But sweeter 'twere to wander
With a friend to share our bliss!
And sweetest with one nearer,
E'en nearer, fonder, dearer,
To feel the heighten'd power
Of the beautiful, the heart-softening, the loving sunset
hour!

ELEANOR DABBY.

THE DEDICATION OF THE YACHT.

Catell. Carm. iv.

The Bark, my friends, which here you view,
Thus tells her tale: for swiftness noted,
She scorned the rate at which she flew
With oars, or sailed the billows through,
The fleetest ships that ever floated.

She says, that never she forbore,
The blustering Adriatic's border,
The Cyclades, the Rhodian shore,
Fierce Thrace, Propontis, or the roar
Of Pontic waves in grim disorder.

Once on those heights, a tufted wood,
Their whispers low her leaves would mutter;
Box-crown'd Cyturus can make good
The boast, and, by the Pontic flood,—
Amastis!—so avers the Cutter.

Through many a raging league of deep,
Without the shadow of disaster,
From where she cradled on thy steep,
And dimpled with her oary sweep
Thy waters, she convey'd her master.

Or right, or left, when sang the gale,
Or sternward blew the breezes even,
From her the sea-gods heard no wail,
Till here at length she struck her sail,
In this sweet lake that mirrors heaven.

Such things have been—have passed; and now,
Of sea and storm too old for dreaming,
She shelters here her battered prow,
And gives herself, with grateful vow,
To the twin deities of seamen.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Rev. Stephen Isaacson.—We deeply regret to announce the demise of the Rev. Stephen Isaacson, long a hearty and faithful labourer in literature, and especially in Archeological science. He was born

on his paternal estate, the Oaks, at Cowling, in Suffolk, on the 17th of Feb., 1798, and graduated at Cambridge, January, 1820. Early in life he evinced a strong addition to the composition of humorous poetry, and, even whilst at school, figured in the pages of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. From that period to the last he has continually employed his pen in the most popular magazines, and produced a multitude of piquant contributions as well as others of graver character. In 1822 he projected the *Brighton Magazine*, a periodical of short existence, but containing many articles well worth preservation. In 1824 his celebrated translation of Jewell's *Apology* was received in the most gratifying manner by the Ecclesiastical world, and his several sermons and religious tracts, especially his altar service, which he at various periods published, established his reputation as an able and sound divine. His quaint poem of the "Barrow Digger" and other legends, which were printed last year, display much of his talent; and were suggested by the field operations of the Archaeological Association, of which he was a zealous and most useful member, ever contributing to its valuable researches, and lightening them by his social pleasantries and kind-hearted "communism." But we must not, in this hurried notice, allow our friend to be thought a mere jocularist; he was rather of the Sydney Smith class, a most agreeable and witty companion, but, at the same time, a man rich in general intelligence, a sound scholar, and a good christian. He died on Saturday, the 7th, in only the 52nd year of his age.

VARIETIES.

American Antiquities.—Several specimens of American antiquities have recently arrived in this city. They were discovered by an American traveller whilst exploring the country of the Sierra Madre, near San Louis Potosi, Mexico, and excavated from the ruins of an ancient city, the existence of which is wholly unknown to the present inhabitants, either by tradition or history. They comprise two idols and a sacrificial basin, hewn from solid blocks of concrete sandstone, and are now in the most perfect state of preservation. The removal of these heavy pieces of statuary from the mountains was accomplished by means of wooden sleds; transported by canoes to the mouth of the Panuco, and from thence shipped to this port. The largest of the idols was undoubtedly the God of Sacrifice, and one of the most important. It is of life size, and the only complete specimen of the kind that has ever been discovered and brought away from the country—several attempts having been made by travellers, who were either thwarted by the natives, or encountered difficulties deemed impracticable to overcome. The anatomical proportions and beauty of this statue are not admired at the present day, but the elaborate work upon its entire surface attracts at once the attention and scrutiny of the beholder. It is principally ornamental, interspersed with symbols of mythology, and occasional hieroglyphics. It has two faces, representing Youth and Old Age; signifying that none are exempt from offering life as a sacrifice. The right hand forms an aperture, in which a light burned during the time of sacrifice. The smaller idol is the God of Sorrow, to whom worshippers came to offer up their devotions for the tears it shed, and the relief afforded them in their griefs. This statue is diminutive, the carvings plain, and the whole simply devised. The Sacrificial Basin measures two feet in diameter, and displays much skill and truth in the workmanship. It is held by two serpents entwined, with their heads reversed—the symbol of eternity, which enters largely into the mythology of the ancient Egyptians. The Egyptian gallery of the British Museum contains several specimens of the work here described. Investigations of the origin and history of an unknown race of men, over whose dust the explorer marks his way, have justly attracted the attention of the philosopher, and produced many interesting results. Ethnography is now receiving that attention from American philosophers which their own fields of study has so long urged upon them. The object in-

presenting these specimens of American antiquity to the notice of the public (to those particularly who take an interest in the history of mankind) is, to offer a portion of a letter of an alphabet yet to be formed, by the explorations of the traveller and the investigations of the philosopher, similar to those through which they were brought to light, and by which the history of this continent is yet to be written.

Model of Cologne Cathedral.—This work, now exhibiting at the Cosmorama Rooms, is in its way deserving of great praise, it is of large dimensions—eight feet high,—constructed principally of cardboard in the usual way, and coloured to imitate stone. The elaborately worked gates, the rich pinnacles, the statues, and painted windows, are all fairly imitated, and the chimes of bells are not forgotten. It is stated to have been made in eight years and seventeen days, by Charles Schropp, of Erfurt. The Cathedral contains 104 pillars, 9 porticoes, 128 windows, 5000 pinnacled turrets, and 576 statues.

Mr. Banister's Pictures.—On the recent death of his widow, this collection, containing many genuine and several choice articles, came to the hammer of Messrs. Foster and Son, and were well sold. Contemporary artists, R. Wilson, Wheatley, Morland, Westall, Smirke, Constable, and Turner, and especially the two latter, brought fair prices; the principal lot being an oil of Turner's, which was knocked down for 210 guineas. A landscape by Collins, of a scene in Borrowdale, brought 235 guineas, its original price, in 1821, being 100 guineas.

The Apollo Belvidere. Mazzini and the revolutionary government at Rome are said to be in treaty with American agents for the sale of this famous work of ancient art. We believe we may state, as a fact, that many of the treasures of the Vatican have been offered, not only to Americans, but to natives of almost every state in Europe—certainly to English and French. Should the Austrian victory and other circumstances not lead to a speedy restoration of the Pope, there can be no doubt of a splendid field here for speculation and speculators.

The two Mississippis.—The Aere painters of the great river are at issue on the authenticity of their pictures, now exhibiting in London. An American friend assures us that one is as like as the other!

The "Two Firsts."—Our frequently repeated remark on the absurdity of this vulgar error, is whimsically exemplified in the *Times* of Wednesday, where in the Sporting Intelligence we read of the race with Black Eagle, Clarissa, and others, that "it was a very fine race between the two first, won by a neck." As there were two first, and not one, we should have thought it a dead heat.

The Builder, in an editorial notice, very naïvely complains, that it may praise a man or a material every week for a year, and never get a thank-ye; but if it question, ever so slightly, either the one or the other, a shower of denials and remonstrances are sure to pour in. One might think that only a very young editor could complain of this! Did he expect ever to commend aught up to the pitch of self-estimate, or to qualify a doubt or a censure so as to have either received as truth or justice? Monstrous infatuation!

The Dean of Westminster, it is stated, has generously resolved to apply a considerable portion of his revenue to the restoration and embellishment of the Abbey.

Progress of Literature and Science.—It appears from a Parliamentary return, that since 1844, a hundred applications have been made from literary and scientific bodies to be exempted from local rates. Surely it cannot be worth the while of any in authority to refuse so poor a boon; and especially whilst we are boasting of a desire to promote the intellectual cultivation of the people.

The Cholera, of which we hear little more in London, continues, as we learn from *Galignani's Messenger*, to make considerable ravages in Paris, and several members of the Assembly have fallen among its victims. The total amount is stated at 419 attacked, 279 dead. Angers and Chalons-sur-Saone have also been very fatally visited.

Newspapers.—Since 1842 to 1848 the issue of penny stamps in England has risen from 50,088,173 to 67,476,768, exclusive of 8,704,236 half-penny stamps. The advertisement duty of 1s. 6d. paid by 150 London newspapers in 1848, amounted to 64,791l.; by 238 provincial papers, 60,320l.; by 97 Scottish, 17,562l.; and by 117 Irish, 10,342l. Total, 153,015l.

The Channel Island Press.—The Marquis of Clanricarde has come forward to control, if not entirely put a stop to, a scandalous anomaly affecting the press, by subjecting to the full rate of inland postage all newspapers printed in the Channel Islands or the Isle of Man, with the exception of such as are printed in the French language.

John of Gaunt's Palace at Lincoln has, it is said, been sold for the materials. Can such things be?

The British Association, it is said, is probably to be invited to Belfast next year, or the year after.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Adamson's (Rev. J. L.) Scriptural Metaphors, 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.
Annual Miscellany for 1849, 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.
Bickersteth's (Rev. E.) Questions on Thirty-nine Articles, third edition, 3s. 6d.
Bowman's (W. F. R. S.) Lectures on Operations on Eye, 8vo, cloth, 6s.
Brown's (Captain T.) Taxidermist's Manual, 12mo, cloth, 5s. 6d.
Bryan's Dictionary of Painters, new edition, imperial 8vo, cloth, £2 2s.
Chetwynd's (Mrs.) Poetical History of England, 18mo, cloth, 1s.
Dowling's (W.) Natural History of Birds and Quadrupeds, 12mo, cloth, 4s. 6d.
English Gentlewoman, second edition, cloth, 4s.
Francke's Outlines of a New Theory of Disease applied to Hydropathy, translated by Robert Baillie, 12mo, cloth, 5s.
Hare's (J. C.) Sermons preached in Herstonconex Church, vol. 2, 8vo, 12s.
Irish Dove; or Faults on Both Sides, 12mo, cloth, 5s.
Mitchell's (J. K.) Practical Remarks on the Speculum, 8vo, cloth, 4s. 6d.
Newman's (J. H.) Sermons, vol. 4, new edition, 8vo, 10s. 6d.
Parley's Universal History, new edition, cloth, 4s. 6d.
Parson's (B.) Mental and Moral Digest of Women, second edition, 12mo, cloth, 4s.
Passing Thoughts, by Charlotte Elizabeth, foolscap, cloth, 3s.
Reid's (A.) First Steps to Geography, 18mo, 1s.
Robert's (Samuel) Autobiography and Select Remains, post 8vo, cloth, 6s.
Standard Lyric Drama, vol. 1, Sonnambula, 4to, boards, 12s. 6d.
Stevens' (W.) History of the High School of Edinburgh, 12mo, cloth, 8s. 6d.
Swiss Family Robinson, second series, 12mo, cloth, 6s.
Todd's Sabbath School Teacher, 12mo, cloth, 2s.
Walpole's Anecdotes of Painters, new edition, 3 vols, 8vo, £2 2s.

DENT'S TABLE FOR THE EQUATION OF TIME.

[This table shows the time which a clock or watch should indicate when the sun is on the meridian.]

1849.	h. m. s.	1849.	h. m. s.
April 14	12 0 14.6	April 18	11 59 16.6
15	11 59 59.5	19	— 39 31
16	— 59 44.8	20	— 38 50.0
17	— 59 30.5		

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Horæ Egyptiacæ.—We expect to print No. 3 in the course of the present month; and we beg to advise readers who desire to possess these papers to secure them early, as notwithstanding our precautions, the *Gazettes* in which they appear will assuredly be run out of print. The same intimation is given to all parties who have imperfect sets, and wish to complete their series, only a few copies of the first three monthly parts of 1849 remain.

"Personne" is thanked, and much poetic feeling acknowledged, as well as some beautiful lines; but the whole is too long for us, at present, even if more carefully polished.

We thank Chronologos for reminding us that the *Quarterly Review* directed the public attention to the memoir of the Duke of Orleans (Egalité) fifteen years ago. This was within a year, or little more, after the time we received the notice referred to, and used in our last No., and we have little doubt was derived from the same well-known quarter.

A Sexagenarian shall receive a private answer, if he favour us with his address; as we cannot give addresses of articles advertised elsewhere.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA,
COVENT GARDEN.

First appearance this Season of Madame GRISI.
First appearance in England of Mademoiselle ANGRI.

The Directors have the honour to announce that on TUESDAY NEXT will be performed, for the first time this Season, Rossini's Grand Opera, "SEMIRAMIDE."

"SEMIRAMIDE."

Semiramide, Madame Grisi (it being her first appearance this season); Arsace, Mademoiselle Angri (it being her first appearance in England); Assur, Signor Tamburini; Idreno, Signor Lavia (his first appearance this season); Oroe, Signor Tagliafico, &c. &c.

GRAND EXTRA NIGHT!

THURSDAY NEXT, APRIL 19th.

An Extra Night will take place on THURSDAY NEXT, April 19th, on which occasion a most attractive entertainment will be given, consisting of Ascher's Grand Opera, "MASANIELLO," (commencing with the Overture and Second Act), and the First Act of Donizetti's Opera, "LINDA DI CHAMOUNI," in which the following Artists will appear:

Mias Catherine Hayes (her third appearance in England), Mademoiselle de Meric (her third appearance in England), Madame Dorus Gras, Mademoiselle Pauline Leroux, Signor Salvi, Signor Tamburini, Mons. Massol, Signor Luigi Mei, Signor Tagliafico, Signor Polonini, and Signor Mario.

The Performances will commence on Tuesdays at half-past Eight, and on Thursdays and Saturdays at Eight o'clock precisely.

DRAMATIC READINGS OF SHAKSPEARE.

MUSIC HALL, STORE STREET.—Mr. HENRY NICHOLLS (of the Theatres Royal Manchester and Newcastle) has the honour to announce that, in consequence of the success which has attended his Readings of the Plays of Shakspeare, (in which Ideal Personifications of the Principal Characters are attempted), they will be REPEATED on the following Evenings:—Monday, April 23, *Hamlet*; Monday, April 30, *Macbeth*; Monday, May 7, *Merchant of Venice*.—Admission, 1s.; Reserved Seats, 2s.; Private Boxes, 10s. and 15s. Commence at Eight.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.

The Collection of MODELS of AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS has been greatly increased by additions deposited by the Royal Agricultural Society and other scientific parties. The use of these Models, as well as all others in the Institution, is explained from day to day. LECTURES, by Dr. Buchholzer, on the VENTILATION OF MINES, &c., by means of a JET of STEAM, daily at Two o'clock, and on alternate Evenings. LECTURE on CHEMISTRY, daily at Half past Three, and on alternate Evenings. THE MICROSCOPE. THE NEW DISSOLVING VIEWS include Scenes in VAN DYMAN'S LAND, from Original Drawings taken on the Spot by J. Skinner Prout, Esq. NEW CHROMATROPIC, DYER and DIVING BELLS, &c. &c. The Music is under the direction of Dr. Wallis.—Admission, 1s.; Schools, Half-price. The New CATALOGUE, 1s.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—EXHIBITION OF
BRITISH MANUFACTURES, at the Rooms, JOHN STREET, ADELPHI, where may be seen in use daily PIERCE'S New System of WARMING and VENTILATING by his PATENT PRO-PNEUMATIC STOVE GRATE.

The perfect success of this newly-invented PATENT PYRO-PNEUMATIC STOVE GRATE for the above objects, which has been honoured by the SOCIETY'S MEDAL, and is constantly in use WARMING their LARGE MODEL-ROOM, where it may be seen and its merits practically tested. Also numerous specimens of Decorations, Hangings for Rooms, Castings in Metals, and other splendid works of beautiful design, all showing the vast progress which has been recently made by British Artisans and Manufacturers.

Tickets for the Exhibition may be had upon application to Mr. Pierce, 6, Jernyn Street, Regent Street.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALL MALL.—

The GALLERY for the EXHIBITION and SALE of the WORKS of BRITISH ARTISTS is OPEN DAILY, from Ten till Five. Admission 1s. Catalogue 1s.

GEORGE NICOL, Secretary.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE ASSOCIATION
FOR PROMOTING THE FREE EXHIBITION OF MODERN
ART is NOW OPEN at the GALLERY, HYDE PARK CORNER,
Daily from Nine until Dusk. Admission, One Shilling. Catalogue,
Sixpence.

BELL SMITH, Hon. Sec.

ROYAL LITERARY FUND, instituted 1790,
incorporated 1818, for the Protection and Relief of Authors of
genius and learning and their Families, who may be in want or distress.

PATRON—Her Most Gracious Majesty the QUEEN.

PRESIDENT—The Marquis of LANSDOWNE, K.G.

The SIXTIETH ANNIVERSARY DINNER will take place in Freemasons' Hall, on WEDNESDAY, May 16th.

Lieut.-General the LORD VISCOUNT HARDINGE, G.C.B., in the Chair.

The List of Stewards will be announced in future advertisements.

OCTAVIAN BLEWITT, Sec.

ROYAL INSTITUTION OF GREAT

BRITAIN, Albemarle Street.—The WEEKLY EVENING MEETINGS of the MEMBERS will be RESUMED on Friday, the 20th of April, at Half-past Eight o'clock.

The following Courses will be delivered after Easter:—
Eight Lectures, by George Harvey, Esq., on the Discovery, Resources, and Progress of North America, (North of Virginia), on Tuesdays, commencing on the 17th of April.

Eight Lectures, by the Rev. R. Walker, M.A., Oxon, on Light and Colours, on Thursdays, commencing on the 19th of April.

Eight Lectures, by Mr. Faraday, on Static or Franklinic Electricity, on Saturdays, commencing on the 21st of April.

The above Lectures will begin at Three o'clock in the afternoon.

Terms, One Guinea for each Course; or, two Guineas for all the Courses.

JOHN BARLOW, M.A., Sec. R.I.

ELECTRO-BIOLOGY.—Instruments to Illustrate the Artificial Muscular Substance, Electric Eel; the Voltaic Mechanism of Sight, Smelling, Taste and Feeling; Arrangements Explanatory of Commisures of the Brain, and the Functions of the Blood Corpuscles; together with Needles and Platinum-wire for the Electro-Voltaic Test, being similar instruments to those used by Mr. Alfred Smeat, at his Lecture at the London Institution.

Horne, Thornthwaite, and Wood, Philosophical Instrument Makers, 125, Newgate Street.

ED. J. DENT, by distinct appointments, Watch

and Clock Maker to the Queen, H. R. H. Prince Albert, and H. L. M. the Emperor of Russia, having greatly increased his stock of WATCHES and CLOCKS to meet the purchases made at this season of the year, most respectfully requests from the public an inspection of his vast assortment. Ladies' gold watches, with gold dials, and jewelled in four holes, 8s. each; gentlemen's ditto, enamel dials, 10s. 6s.; youths' silver watches, 4s.; substantial and accurately-going silver lever watches, jewelled in four holes, 6s.—E. J. DENT, 22, Strand; 23, Cockspur Street; and 34, Royal Exchange (Clock-Tower Area).

THE REGISTERED SAFETY SWIVEL.

THE Proprietors of the new registered Swivels or Hooks beg to inform the Nobility, Gentry, and the Public, that they can be obtained (at the cost of one Shilling) of the principal Jewellers in Regent Street, Piccadilly, Oxford Street, Cornhill, the Strand, &c. &c. &c.

These unique articles of Jewellery effectually protect the Watch or Chain; have no steel or visible spring of any kind, and can be immediately attached or detached by the Wearer.

HENDRIE'S PATENT PETROLINE SOAP

has realized in practice all the promised beneficial effects on excoriations and eruptive affections of the cuticle. The "Cosmetic PETROLINE SOAP," for the habitual use of the toilet, is found to have an agreeable demulcent influence on the hands, and on the most delicate skin; or in the nursery, for infants. The "PETROLINE SHAVING SOAP" is peculiarly bland and balsamic, allaying the irritation felt in the employment of the ordinary alkaline compositions.

A more detergent antiseptic, with additional petroleum, named "DISPENSARY SOAP," is prepared for inveterate cuticular affections of long standing; and, from experience several public schools, where it has been employed in washing children's heads, it has proved an efficient specific for, and a complete protection against, the troublesome complaint known as ringworm.

The Dispensary Soap, being at a moderate price, is available for all classes, and is used with great success in purifying linen after infectious diseases; indeed, the use of it may, in many cases of typhus and other contagions, be considered a beneficial antidote.

R. HENDRIE,

PERFUMER TO HER MAJESTY,

12 AND 13, TICHBOURNE STREET, REGENT'S QUADRANT.

HOOPER'S EXTRACT OF TARAXACUM

(Dandelion).—Mr. Hooper is favoured with the most satisfactory communications respecting this preparation, which, since 1815, he has carefully given his attention to. It is highly recommended by the most eminent of the faculty—Drs. Prout, Rigby, Gaidner, Chambers, Watson, Latham, Johnson, Williams, Scott, Loock, Jephson, Budd, Todd, Bird, Sir David Davies, Sir Benjamin Brodie, Mr. Ferguson, Aston Key, Guthrie, and others. With Seltzer Water it forms a pleasant draught. Orders sent carriage free to any part of the kingdom. Seltzer Water, 4s. per dozen.—Hooper, Operative Chemist, Pall Mall East, London, and 55, Grosvenor Street.

SELTZER WATER, 4s. per dozen,

FACHINGER WATER, 4s. per dozen, and other Mineral Waters at a reduced price of 25 per cent. Hampers, containing 6 dozen, carriage free.

HOOPER, Operative Chemist, 7, Pall Mall East, and 55, Grosvenor Street.

Pump Room, Now Open, 7, Pall Mall East, where the various Mineral Waters can be drank.

CURE OF STAMMERING.—Mr. HUNT begs

to announce that he will resume his Instructions for the Cure of Stammering and Defects in Speech, after the Holidays, and for the Season, on Monday the 16th of April, at his residence, No. 224, Regent Street. A Prospectus, containing Testimonials of Cures effected throughout the period of Twenty-two Years; and references to the highest medical authorities may be had, as above, or sent, on application, to any part of the Kingdom, free of expense.

Mr. Hunt attends Pupils at Swanage, Dorset, during the months of July, August, and September.

224, Regent's Street, April 7th, 1849.

PALLADIUM LIFE ASSURANCE

SOCIETY.—Established 1824.

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NEW RATES OF PREMIUM.—The Directors of this Society, with the view of meeting the wishes of the large class of persons who prefer the present Advantages of Reduced Premiums to a prospective bonus in the shape of an addition to their Policies, have constructed a new Scale, based on the safest and most approved data—viz, the Experience Tables recently compiled by a Committee of Actuaries, from the records of seventeen of the leading London offices.

The Society now offers the following advantages:—

The lowest Scale of Premium which can be safely adopted.

EXAMPLE TO ASSURE £100.

Age.	For One Year.	For Seven Years.	For Whole Life.
£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
20	0 15 11	0 16 6	1 13 1
30	0 18 8	0 19 6	2 2 10
40	1 2 8	1 4 10	2 16 7

Other ages at proportionate rates.

Undoubted security, guaranteed by a large capital, an influential proprietary, the long standing of the office, and the satisfactory results of its business.

Facility in the settlement of claims.

Liberty to travel in any part of Europe, without extra premium.

Loans equivalent to the value of the policies.

To those who desire to secure the advantages of a prospective bonus, by a small additional outlay, the deed of settlement assigns Four-fifths of the Profits.

Bonuses may be commuted for equivalent reductions of premium at the option of the assured, by which arrangement the amount originally assured may be kept up at a continually decreasing cost.

Insurances effected on joint as well as on single lives, for short terms or otherwise, and to meet any specified contingency.

Premiums may be paid in one sum, or in any other equitable manner, to meet the convenience of the public.

The age of the life assured is admitted on the policy at the time of effecting the assurance, or at any other time, on production of satisfactory proof.

Every information and assistance will be given to assureds, either at the office, No. 7, Waterloo Place, London; or by the Society's agents, established in all principal towns.

J. LODGE, Secretary and Actuary.

PROVIDENT LIFE OFFICE,
50, REGENT STREET, LONDON.

ESTABLISHED 1806.

Policy Holders' Capital, £1,127,753. Annual Income, £140,000.
Bonuses Declared, £743,000.

Claims paid since the establishment of the Office, 1,675,000.

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NINETEEN TWENTIETHS OF THE PROFITS ARE
DIVIDED AMONG THE INSURED.

Examples of the Extinction of Premiums by the Surrender of Bonuses.

Date of Policy.	Sum Insured.	Original Premium.	Bonuses added subsequently, to be further increased annually.
1806	£2500	£79 10s. 10d. Extinguished	£1222 2s. 0d.
1811	1000	33 19 2 ditto	231 17 8
1818	1000	34 16 10 ditto	114 18 10

Examples of Bonuses added to other Policies.

Policy No.	Date.	Sum Insured.	Bonuses added.	Total Amount, to be further increased.
531	1807	£900	£282 12s. 1d.	£1182 12s. 1d.
1174	1810	1200	1160 5 6	2360 5 6
3392	1820	5000	3558 17 8	8558 17 8

Prospectuses and full particulars may be obtained upon application to the Agents of the Office in all the principal towns of the United Kingdom; and at the Head Office, No. 50, Regent Street.

J. A. BEAUMONT, Esq., Managing Director.

WESTERN LIFE ASSURANCE AND ANNUITY SOCIETY, 3, PARLIAMENT STREET, LONDON.

Messrs. Cocks, Biddulph, and Co., Charing Cross.
In addition to the ordinary plans of Life Assurance, this Society possesses several features which present peculiar and important advantages to the public.
Attention is specially invited to the rates of Annuity granted to Old Lives, for which ample security is provided by the large capital of the Society.

EXAMPLES.—£100 cash paid down, purchases—
An Annuity of £10 4 0 to a Male Life aged 60
— 12 3 1 — 65 Payable as long
— 14 10 3 — 70 as he is alive.
— 18 11 10 — 75

The Annuities are payable HALF-YEARLY, and the first half-year's Annuity is paid six months after the purchase-money is received. All expenses of the Annuity debt are defrayed by the Society.
Information, free of expense, can be obtained from

A. SCRATCHLEY, Actuary.

ECONOMIC LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, 6, NEW BRIDGE STREET, BLACKFRIARS. Established 1823. EMPOWERED BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT, 3 WILLIAM IV.

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James John Downes, Esq., F.R.A.S.

The following are among the advantages offered by this Society:—
Economy combined with SECURITY.
The Rates of Premium are lower than those of any other Office, which entitle the assured to participate in the profits, and considerably lower than those of any other Mutual Assurance Society.

The whole of the profits are divided every fifth year among the assured, and a Bonus is added, after the Payment of the Fifth Annual Premium, to every Policy effected on the Participating Scale, if a claim accrue thereon prior to the next division of profits.
The Bonus declared at the three former divisions, (arising from three-fourths only of the profits,) averaged 16, 31, and 35 per cent. respectively on the amounts of Premiums paid.

The Bonus declared in 1849, (arising from the whole of the profits) being the result of the operations of the Society during the last five years upon the Mutual Principle, averaged 62½ per cent. on the Premiums received.

The subjoined Table shows the advantages offered by this Society, resulting from low Premiums, and a division of the entire profits among the assured:—

AGE AT ENTRY.	The Annual Premium according to the Northampton Rates to Assure £1000.	Assured by the Economic Rates.	Thus giving an immediate Bonus of	Economic Bonus on Policies of seven years standing in 1849 was	Also a Continuing Bonus on Policies becoming Claims in 1849.	Total sum payable at death.
20	£ s. d. 20 15 10	1250	250	108	12	1380
30	26 13 5	1283	305	110	12	1327
40	32 19 6	1140	140	118	11	1259
50	45 6 0	1030	30	129	10	1169

Prospectuses and full particulars may be obtained on application to
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5000	13 yrs. 10 mts.	683 6 8	787 10 0	6470 16 8
5000	12 years	600 0 0	787 10 0	6287 10 0
5000	10 years	500 0 0	787 10 0	6087 10 0
5000	8 years	100 0 0	787 10 0	5887 10 0
5000	6 years	675 0 0	5675 0 0
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